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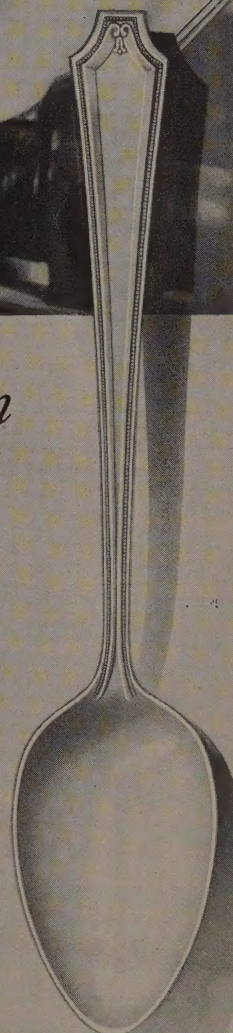
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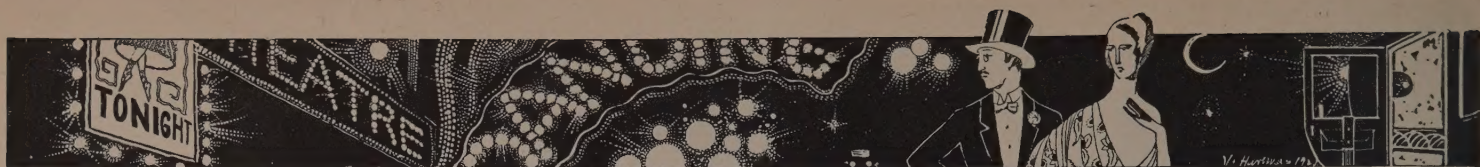
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"Saint-Honoré" Fair

THE contemporaries of Charles VII would have been surprised to hear that in 1926 "Rue St. Honoré" would have become the refuge of all the spiritual and refined luxury of Paris. Who, indeed, in that bygone epoch would have thought that "Porte St. Honoré" would lend one day its name to so important an artery.

And what do we behold to-day? Luxurious motor-cars, closely following upon each other, try to gain access to the world-famous shops which no fashionable woman could afford to ignore: from the languid Hindoo beauty to a blonde Scandinavian maid or a stylish American girl!

It is a well-known thing that all those happy mortals who have arrived at the top of their fame or fortune like, occasionally, to glance back upon their youthful struggles, and this is perhaps why the committee of the merchants of the "Rue St. Honoré" had a happy idea of reconstructing on the occasion of its fair in aid of the Union of Artists the ancient "Porte St. Honoré" to preside over it. She reminded us, in fact, of that period when "Rue St. Honoré" was nothing else but a deserted quarter adjoining the city walls, which, nevertheless, played an important part in the history of Paris.

It is through this venerable gate, where Rue des Remparts and St. Niçaise joined, and which exists no more, that Jeanne d'Arc attacked Paris, then occupied by the English. It is here that she, having fathomed the separating ditch with her lance, ordered her soldiers to jump over, but was wounded by a musket bullet and eventually taken prisoner. Her impeachment and condemnation followed, and soon after her ashes were scattered by the wind on the plains of Rouen.



Photo Branger, Paris

La Porte St. Honoré

It is also worth recalling that during the manslaughter in Champs de Mars, when Robespierre was at a loss where to escape, that an honest and enthusiastic Jacobin, a certain woodmaker named Duplay, offered him refuge in his house in the "Rue St. Honoré" and insisted on his staying here. In spite of his natural reserve, he gave in under their affectionate persuasion and consented under the condition of paying for his lodgings to stay in this simple yet very hospitable home. There was even a question of marrying the older daughter of Duplay, Eléonore. In 1793, a sister of Robespierre came to live in this charming house, but did not stay very long.

I need not tell you, however, that the reproduction of the "Porte St. Honoré" was the sole attraction of that fair in aid of the above-mentioned Union. In front of this sometime sad past epoch the triumphant present day appeared, smiling in the shape of those lovely and elegant Parisian theatrical stars.

The committee invited them to help to sell for the benefit of the Union various articles in the famous, beautifully decorated shops in the "Rue St. Honoré." All these pretty women, almost childish and gay, love playing at "vendeuse," while their male companions insist on imitating college boys on leave. Thus, at the entrance door of "Grand Vatel" two energetic barmen, shaking their shakers enthusiastically, offer to passersby their famous concoctions. We recognize them: they are Paulet and Jules Berry, hailing from "Monsieur de St. Obin" in Théâtre des Mathurins, the latter well-known follower of Bacchus.

(Continued on page 62)

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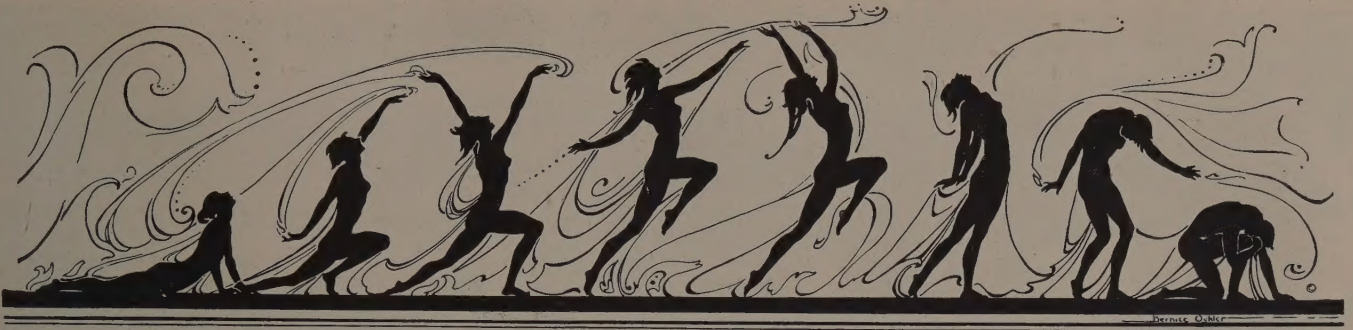
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THE dramatist is not slandered when he is dubbed a cook. That he is. He takes a certain quantity of raw human beings, garnishes them, flavors them and serves them on a dramatic platter.

The prepared dish is important—but the consumer is equally as important. Without him the food is merely an object not to be appreciated. Just so is the relationship of the play to the playgoer. Neither is more consequential—without the public there is no work of art.

There are good cooks, and bad ones. Only the President, the King and Queen and other potentates can afford "official tasters." The public at large cannot possibly indulge in this luxury. It has to judge from reputation and past performance.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE has, in many instances, distressed its digestive organs, occasionally to the point of nausea, and then, again, it has thoroughly enjoyed certain offerings. We are all *gourmets* by nature, and none of us deliberately seeks to offend good taste.

Let the THEATRE MAGAZINE be your "official taster" of the drama. You will find many new delicacies in our October issue.

HAVE you ever had the extreme joy of meeting a "Craig's Wife"? Casually, I mean, of course. There is a reason for her "craiging." It can always be traced to some peculiar obsession, either due to environment or heredity. Really fascinating to analyze her peculiarities, her reactions to certain accepted conventions. Insisting that all members of the household go "up the back stairway," in order not to soil the front stairs. Striving for a beautiful, immaculate home, but not wanting anyone to see it. Indifferently in love with her husband, but not tolerating his speaking courteously to any other woman. Chrystal Herne, who so aptly portrays the "Wife" in George Kelly's prize play, openly discloses her own family life, as the wife of Henry Pollard, in our next issue. Recommended to ladies and gentlemen alike, with a different appeal to each, of course.

YOUTH Ahoy! To the successful actress Youth is a business obligation. In the depths of her sorrowful, secret soul which longs to grow middle-aged comfortably, she knows there is no box-office demand for old women (except in character rôles) on the Broadways of America. The clarion call of "Youth Ahoy!" keeps her eternally on the alert. No star, whatever her magnitude, dares to disobey the summons of rejuvenation. This article, appearing in the October number of THEATRE MAGAZINE, describes some of the often painful expedients to which some actresses are compelled to resort in order to cheat Old Father Time. They're not the usual beauty parlor stunts, but surgical feats not ordinarily divulged. Thoda Cocroft has obtained these most astounding facts from authentic sources and tells them quite humorously. Don't miss it!

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THE October number of THEATRE MAGAZINE is simply bursting with pictorial features, cartoons, sketches and scenes from plays. The cover is a reproduction from a painting of Helen Gahagan by the famous Hungarian artist, Rasko.

SINCE the inception of the Arts, there has always been a difference of opinion as to the definition of TEMPERAMENT. The painter expresses his one way, the sculptor, another, and the actor—still another way. Those coming in contact with the actor's release of temperament, insist that it be called "temper." His valet or her maid are willing enough to apply "temperament" to his or her respective Madame or Monsieur until vases begin to fly and dishes smash and voices soar. Then the servant says that the "boss" has a—l of a "temper." Richard Bennett tells of the many things that provoke an actor's patience and irritate his "temperament." Read it in the next number—and you be the judge.

SCREENLAND, oozing with gossip of the players, the directors and producers, replete with photos of scenes and players, sparkling with personal chats of the stars, and complete with intimate snaps of the movie actors, far away from the screen—covers a large area in the October issue.

WE are all so accustomed to star-gaze at this part of the globe that most of us forget there are other heavens. In our forthcoming number H. M. Walbrook takes the THEATRE MAGAZINE readers to London and lets them peek through his telescope—revealing the Stars of Piccadilly in all their glory.

WITH all the new plans for the coming season, what with the managers hiring and firing this one and that, the producers secretly passing around their word or two and the actors returning to the Land of the Theatre, there is much HEARD ON BROADWAY—but not too much for "L'Homme Qui Sait!" to catch the cream of it. Don't overlook it.

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

A MATEUR STAGE: Our readers are taken, step by step, through every phase of stagecraft—outlining the details, scenes, costumes and actors. To the students of the drama—students who intend to make the stage their profession; to the high-school and college dramatic directors, and to the community theatre, this department is of extreme importance.

FASHIONS: We have an expert who is in constant touch with the couturiers of Paris—and with the stage of New York. She is informed of the trend of fashion a season before it is embodied in a definite creation. If you follow her closely you can always be "bien habille."



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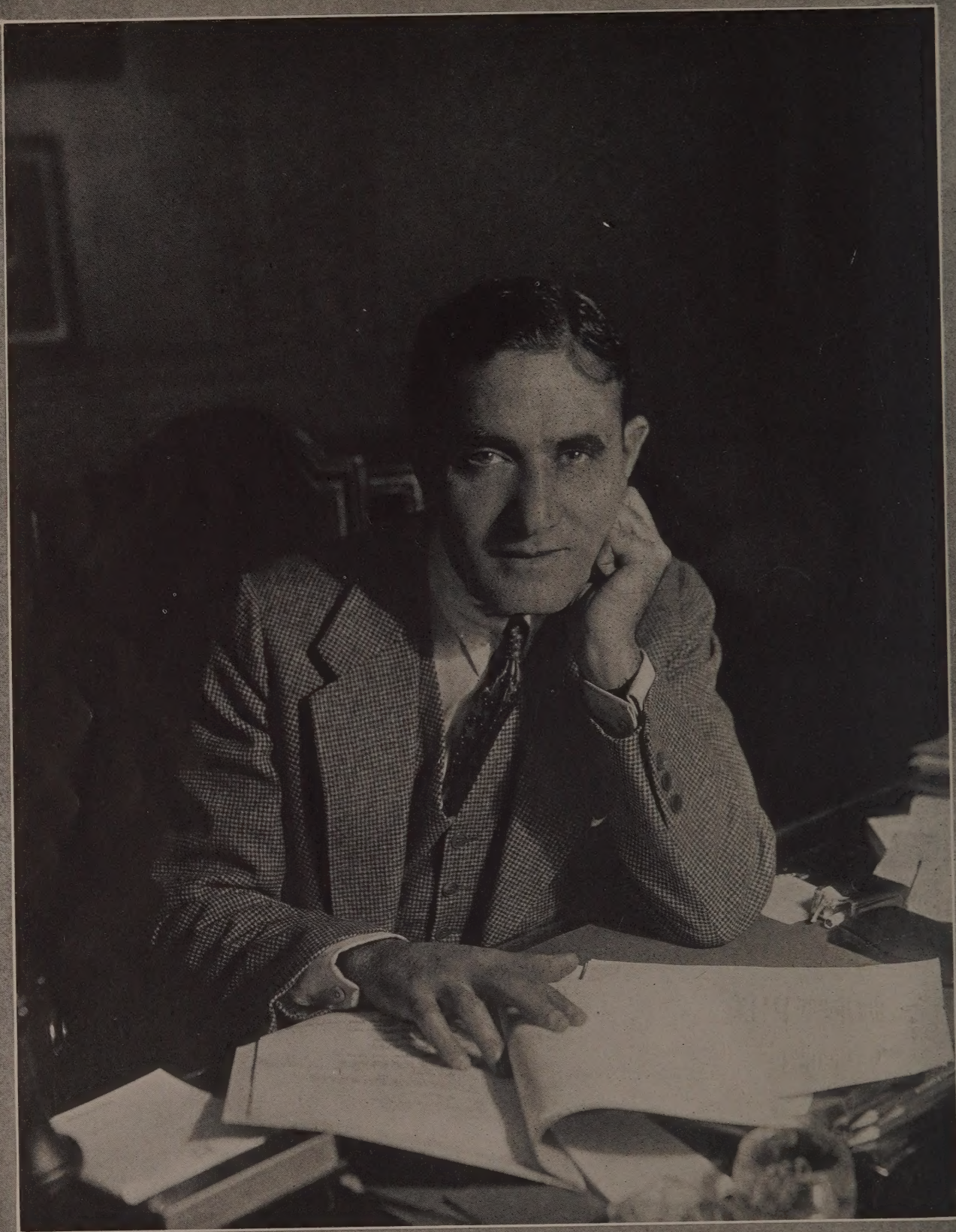
SEPTEMBER, 1926



Florence Vandamm Studio

A BRUNETTE CONFORMS TO TASTE

Fickle men! But June Walker is no reformer—she is here to please. Besides, with such rapid strides toward popularity, she would have none of it shaded by the mere discrimination against brunettes. A wig does the trick. Presto! we have Lorelei Lee, Anita Loos's reason why "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," a September opening



Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. NO. 11: EDGAR SELWYN

This well-known playwright-producer began his career in the theatrical world as an actor, having made his first appearance on the stage in New York at the age of twenty-one. In 1911 he made his final bow to the public as an actor in "The Arab," devoting his time after that to playwriting. He has many plays to his credit, among them "The Country Boy," "Nearly Married," "The Mirage," "Anything Might Happen," "Dancing Mothers," written in collaboration with Edmund Goulding and which he produced in 1924. The play "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which he sponsors, was dramatized by Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson at his suggestion

ARTHUR HORNBLow, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Giving the Public What It Wants

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE, now in its fifth consecutive year at the Republic Theatre, this city, has established a new record in America for long "runs." In London there have been longer runs: *Chu-Chin-Chow* had 2,238 continuous performances at Her Majesty's and *Charley's Aunt* ran for 1,466 nights at the Royalty. Here we have had *Adonis*, *Old Homestead*, *Ben-Hur*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *Lightnin'*, *Rain*—all long runs, but nothing approaching *Abie's Irish Rose*, performed at the same theatre going on five years! Think of it! The same play, in the same theatre, night after night, eight performances a week, for five years! And the end is not in sight! According to the calculations of experts, based on the present attendance, the play has by no means exhausted the playgoing possibilities of New York City and may well run another two years here, to say nothing of fifteen companies presenting the piece on the road. Such success as this is unprecedented. It has put its creator, Anne Nichols, in the multimillionaire class and afforded steady employment to an army of actors.

While congratulating the author on her good fortune, we are not sure that this astonishing success is something that we, as a nation, have any reason to brag about. *Saint Joan* ran only two months on Broadway! *Cyrano de Bergerac's* longest consecutive run was 250 performances! *Abie's Irish Rose* runs five years!

What is there in this crude comedy-burlesque of Jewish-Irish life that it can bowl over George Bernard Shaw so easily and thumb its nose at Rostand? Despite its fabulous run, it is not easy to find many who have seen the piece or who can explain the stupendous success of this theatrical "best seller," which, like that other best seller—the Bible—appeals so powerfully to different races and different creeds. There are more copies of the Bible sold yearly, even to-day, with all our twentieth-century scepticism, than any other book. Some buy it because they appreciate and enjoy its literary beauty, others because of piety or tradition. Still others—Jews and Gentiles both,—regarding the Scriptures more as chronicles of the past, rather than works of divine origin, would welcome a blending of the old and new Testaments into a sort of melting-pot Bible.

That, we believe, is the fundamental reason for the success of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Anne Nichols, by a happy fluke or by the exercise of much skill and good business sense, has capitalized the sentiment, humor and devout feelings of two of the world's greatest religious faiths—the Jew and the Catholic. A few characters of each religion, a sprinkling of rituals, equal quantities of hackneyed lines, much coarse humor and saccharine sentimentality, stirred by Father Whalen and Rabbi Samuels into a combined dish of ham-and-kosher food, appealing to both dietary laws and relished by both palates.

To the casual observer who happens to drop in, the nightly performance at the Republic smacks somewhat of the circus, the spectators fed from the stage with lines—peanuts, grass, saccharine and jelly beans—to get them to perform. And perform they do—laughing and crying, enjoying themselves hugely. Solomon Levy, Abie's father, ridicules Patrick Murphy, the father of Rose Mary—and the Jews in the

audience bellow. Patrick Murphy calls Solomon Levy a "weasled little Jew" and immediately there is raucous response from the Irish contingent. Abie says: "I love Rose Mary for herself, not her religion"—the whole audience applauds. Rose Mary (a Gentile) declares that she could not have married a Christian after having met Abie—again the audience howls its approval. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the American melting pot, shrewdly commercialized.

League of Nations' Fifteenth Point

WHILE European statesmen are racking their brains trying to straighten out the muddled affairs of stricken post-war humanity, and learned economists are exerting every effort to save the world from a threatened financial cataclysm, our two arbiters of the American theatre, Mr. Lee Shubert and Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, are engaged in a lively controversy as to the propriety of exhibiting naked women on the stage. Mr. Ziegfeld, although admitting his own responsibility as the originator of the undraped show-girl, deplores the present tendency to commercialize fleshly charms. He points out that when he set the pace towards nakedness some years ago he did it innocently enough, since he merely glorified the American girl in a series of highly artistic and decorative *tableaux* designed by Ben Ali Haggin. Since then other managers, realizing the value of nakedness as a box-office draw, have "improved" on his idea, so that to-day naked girls appear not only as parts of inanimate stage groups or art *tableaux*, but actually dance and march about the stage in a perfect state of nature—to the thrill and joy of curious college freshmen, callow country visitors and tired business men who besiege the box-office to see a sight usually confined to the bathroom.

This year Mr. Ziegfeld, filled with contrition, announces a new policy. He is tired of nakedness and thinks it has been carried too far. He will have no more of it and henceforth will substitute the word "purification" for "glorification" of the American girl. Mr. Shubert, wandering through the art museums of Europe, is still filled with admiration for the undraped figure as a popular box-office attraction. He smiles sceptically at Mr. Ziegfeld's belated puritanical views and says that, in his opinion, "nudity is on the stage to stay." Mr. Ziegfeld retorts:

"Mr. Shubert is expressing a hope and not a statement of fact. Nudity cannot remain a heritage of the American theatre because communities everywhere are rising against this orgy of dirt. Nudity does not, except in a mild sort of way, bring the great returns to producers that the public may be led to believe. Mr. Shubert knows he has made more money from his clean operettas than he ever will make from a shady musical production."

The attitude of the authorities towards these naked spectacles is one of indifference and tolerance—a position that, on the face of it, is somewhat inconsistent. If a woman walked naked down Fifth Avenue or even exposed her bare breasts on a bathing beach, she would be arrested. Yet on the public stage, exposed to the ribald, lascivious gaze of thousands, young and old, she is allowed to display her charms with impunity!



Nickolas Muray

ESPAGNOLE

One of the colorful "compositions in dance form" in which Angna Enters, the little American girl from Milwaukee, delighted discriminating audiences of painters, musicians and critics in four concerts this past season. Acknowledged an artist of rare achievement, there is nothing esoteric about this new dancer. Using the dancing form from the ballet to the "Charleston,"

she creates her own costumes and is simple and entertaining, her themes being largely expressive of feminine emotions. In "Promenade," "Cake Walk," "Moyen Age," "Contre" and the marvelous "Dance of Death" she displays extraordinary virtuosity in dance-painting and pantomime. She will be seen in recital again this Fall.

Where I Get My "Pep"

Interpreter of "Kiki" and "Lulu Belle" Tells Where She Acquired Her Punch

By LENORE ULRIC

AGAIN the question, "Where do you get your pep?" That question is propounded to me much oftener than I am invited to dinner, to teas or luncheons, and far, far oftener, alas! than timid men or bold ask me to marry them.

It is prompted, I am told, by a dynamic quality in my personality that seems to the propounder inexhaustible. In that the propounder is right, for I have almost never known weariness.

That quality, denominated according to the oral habits, or the erudition, of the questioner, "pep" or dynamics, must have been my possession since my birthday. For searching as far back as I can in the dim, shadowy caverns of memory, I find a dark-eyed *enfant terrible* who had a novel way of sending her playmates home when she had had enough of their society for that day. Or at least for that hour or play period. She used to watch her mother draw out the dining-room table, making it larger and larger according to the number of guests there would be at it that day. The small girl, staring into the mirror, saw that she could perform the same miracle with her eyes. Huge, dark eyes they were when employed in normal gaze. But she could open them to a terrifying extent. Extension eyes. Good! She would turn them on the neighbor children whose visits were too long. The first time she tried it the children ran crying home to their mothers. The eyes, wide, dark, threatening dusk, fearsome perils, never failed of their purpose.

"I wish those Jones children would go home. I haven't enough stew for three extra stomachs," my mother would fret as the clock hand pointed to five minutes of twelve.

"Don't worry, Mama," I would say. "I'll scare them off with my eyes."

Mother often asked the aid and intervention of those fear-evoking eyes. They were frightful when I reinforced them by a doubling of my thin brown hands into eloquent fists.

In adult days my friends have yielded to the menace of those eyes. "All right. All right, Lenore," they say. "We always retreat before the forked lightning in your eyes."

I MAINTAIN the terror lies not in the eyes. It inheres in the human dynamo behind those eyes. The possibilities of a tornado. The certainty of a gale if it encounters unreasonable opposition.

When critics say, in print and out, that I am a dynamic actress, my gratitude aeroplanes to the Elysian fields. To a shade whom I knew as Grandfather Ulric. Franz Xavier Ulric he was. A musician who longed to compose and to lead symphonies but who taught stupid pupils because he must. He had thirteen children.

He could not house and feed them on the at first dubious income from the compositions and on the hopes of a symphony leadership. My "pep" I derived from Grandfather Ulric without question. He was its undeniable source. I remember that he was the embodiment of nervous force. He, too, had huge, dark eyes that sometimes held forked lightning. His hair was like a snow-white crown. Like my



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"The first moment I stepped upon the stage I was aware of a tremendous vitality. On the stage it is a servant that cheerfully obeys me. Off it, it is a weight that, if not safeguarded and locked away for the next performance, threatens to crush me"

father, he was the first child born in a large family.

He said to my father: "It is necessary that you learn a trade. Do not depend upon the uncertainties of an art or profession." So my father learned chemistry. His father wanted to place him in a drug-store. There at least there was certainty of a fixed salary, however small. So my poor father, who longed to create, who wanted to be a civil engineer and build a great network of railroads, learned chemistry and became a steward in an army post at New Ulm, in Minnesota.

Grandfather is the most picturesque figure in my ancestry. He used to do things I do, the twirling of nervous, up-lifted fingers, the waggings of a head that hates to be still. I have been told that I am an expression of my grandfather's suppressed artistic desires. The psychoanalysts are sure of it. I am willing to believe it.

Granted that he was the spring of the mighty stream of force that I feel sweeping me along while I am on the stage, my gratitude for it is immeasurable. It is like a river, always bank high, while I am facing an audience. Almost never am I conscious of it save when my feet are guided by the footlights. That may be because I determinedly conserve it.

FROM the moment that I first stepped upon the stage I was aware of a tremendous vitality. On the stage it is a servant that cheerfully obeys me. Off it, it is a weight that, if not safeguarded and locked away for the next performance, threatens to crush me. That is the reason I do not like vacations. Vacations are not, in truth, for me. My unused vitality presses upon me, induces melancholia. I must find a channel for it and that channel must be the theatre.

When a performance at the theatre is finished my vitality is still at high tide. It forbids me to go to my little house on Seventy-fifth Street and slip into bed. By no means. It still masters me. I am at high pitch. I must take some of my cronies with me or invite them to meet me there. And talk. And talk. And talk. Presently, on the current of talk, the tidal wave subsides. I have talked about anything under the stars that interests me, the theatre, life, persons, and watched my friends eat. I do not eat with them. I cannot take food after a performance. At two o'clock they leave and I seek my couch.

I sleep between nine and ten hours. I must. For the task of recreating my vitality has begun.

I have said that I do not like vacations. That is true. I should work the year round. I am healthier for it. And happier. A seventh-day holiday is more to my liking. This is Saturday. I permit myself a longer watch-night meeting with my vitality. I do not go to a party. I have gone to but one party in six months. But I telephone several more friends than usual and the electric lights burn longer in the little house near the river. For we talk longer. Our conversation swings through the cycles of the universe. It is four on Sunday when the last chum says "Adieu." For Sunday has come and I shall not rise at noon, but at two o'clock.

There is no telephone sound in my room until I have rung it myself. I ask for my breakfast and the morning newspapers. Sitting in a very nest of pillows, I go through all the Sunday newspapers. I do not read them. But I look at the pictures, and the headlines. In a rapid way I find out what people are doing.

Then up and a drive to the country. Perhaps I sleep there and drive back to town next day. Or I drive home at mid-

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The Stage Villain on the Run

Of All the Traditions in the Playhouse His is the Purest

By JOHN ANDERSON

IN the drama's bright lexicon of truth, the villain remains forever the alien.

He is the perpetual outsider among the play citizens, banished, wicked, friendless and unfriendly, as foreign now to the city people of the stage as he was among the rural thrillers of our early theatre.

From the beginning he has been the stranger without the gates, and though the walls encompass an ever-widening territory, he is never caught. He merely moves his residence and remains the everlasting inadmissible.

Of all the traditions in the playhouse his is, perhaps, the purest; for while his colors change with the mode of the time, at heart he is always the same. The drama shifts its scene to his country, only to find him elsewhere; it enters his neighborhood, but discovers that he has gone; goes into his very house to prove him absent.

When our erstwhile heroes and the heroines of the stage foiled him in the perennial last acts, he was the city slicker, deceitful in the very urbanity of his being. For a whole generation fed upon the bucolic dramas he was the enemy of the chosen, the despoiler of their homes and the embodiment of their foe.

Denizen of the unhallowed capitals, he was the scarecrow of the countryside. It was for him and his wayward fellows of the towns that all our last-act mortgages used to be lifted and from their clutches that countless innocents were snatched to make the pastoral drama's holiday.

But he was on the run. The dramatists moved into his own parish and he had to go, for they drove him out. Who, they may have wondered, had ever heard of a local villain, when only honesty lives next door in the maps and plans of the theatre. No one, and so he fled.

HERE, in the theatre, is the icy wind of disesteem upon our vaunted melting pot. Though its flames burn brightly in the political camp-fires, it is distrusted among the prosceniums. In the government halls we clasp the foreigners to our careful bosoms, with proper quotas, but wink the other eye at the audiences.

Nor is this new. Observe the slinking dastards in our older dramas and they will betray themselves. Who, for example, was that snakish impostor eighty years ago in Mrs. Mowatt's comedy? Who but a spurious French count, bent upon nefarious deeds.

And who, just to be inquisitive, is that sly old rake, wrecking the Harlem happiness of the negroes in *Lulu Belle* in this year of grace, but his modern counterpart, no longer bogus, sleeker, to be sure, but the very gesture of immorality? 'Twas ever thus.

They have stalked from the beginning as they stalk now. They have survived the asides and the open plotting. They have seen the world grow wise and sophisticated, at least in its own mind, and yet have noted that it remains permanently parochial in this matter of suspicion.

Withal, perhaps, being gentlemen of the world, they know that it is rightly so. They come, these modern villains, of a long



John Anderson, author of the accompanying article, hardly needs an introduction to THEATRE MAGAZINE readers. Playgoers know him as the dramatic reviewer of the *New York Evening Post*, his column being one of the liveliest and interesting departments of that progressive newspaper. This piquant description of *The Stage Villain* is the first of a series of entertaining articles on current stage topics which Mr. Anderson will write from time to time for THEATRE MAGAZINE.

and distinguished ancestry. Guileful, sharp and without scruple, they are alone against a world whose cards are stacked against them, an unreal world of utter make-believe whose laws demand their losing at every final curtain.

Beneath their alien swagger and beyond their evil errands they realize the justice of their plight, since they stem back to the very rockbed of dramatic, not to say human, understanding.

For theirs is the easiest label of the play shops. Dub a man outlander and he at once becomes the object of distrust. Call him neighbor, and though his thoughts be dark as Erebus and fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, he is white before the foot and clad in the shining armor of credulity. He is next door, friend against a common foe.

Although we eschew the fraternal handshakes of the League of Nations, we are not alone in the frank mistrust of those we do not know, for these prophets of stage villainy are always without honor, save in their own country.

In England your shifty customer on the boards takes what they are pleased to call French leave. It is a subtle thrust, but the French exact a careful dramatic reprisal. In the same circumstances their theatre calls it English leave, a reciprocal monu-

ment to amity and trans-channel affection.

For ourselves we import the misdeeds of our playhouses, along with the liquor, perfumes and other traveling impedimenta of the wily old Satan. Hence such wrongs as we observe beyond our patriotic footlights are under foreign flags and the ægis of alien authorship. The strange and sorry doings are hence unnaturalized and repugnant to our own chaste Stars and Stripes.

When our native authors have evil afoot, they slip the shoe cunningly upon the heels of our beloved brethren and fellow members of the human race.

What was that resounding smack upon a woman's face, echoing so horribly through the acoustics of the Bijou once upon a time? A man had slapped her, but not an American, not so *The Mud Turtle* could notice it. He was a French-Canadian, of whom, this side the border line, little else could be expected. In Quebec, perhaps, it would have been a Swedish-American.

And what of that naughty girl misbehaving among the corn crops of *Harvest*. A wayward wench she is, up to errors in her conduct, but pray why shouldn't she be? She is the daughter of a Swiss farmer, leaving thereby our national honors unsullied. And though she falls through the wrongful doings of a modern city slicker down on the farm, she does so under the helpful standards of the mountain republic.

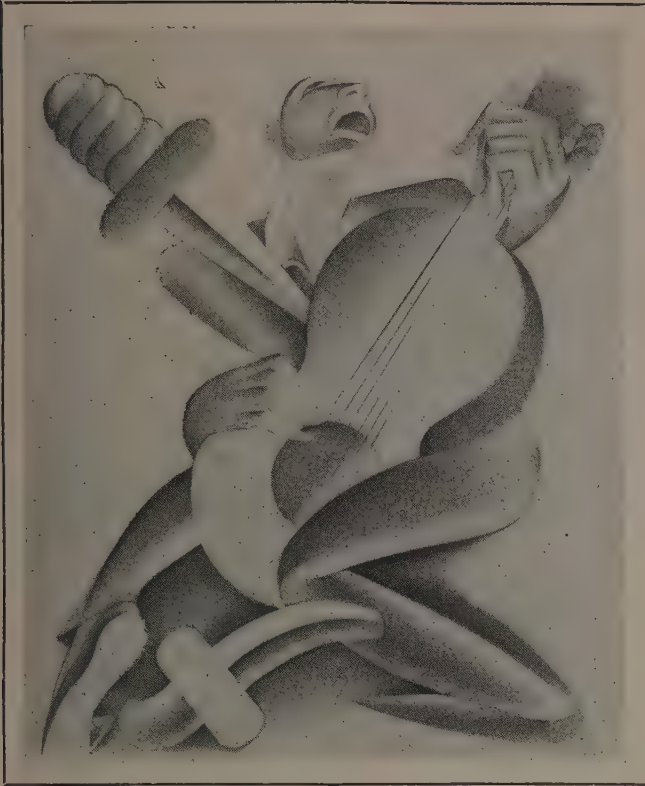
And those swarthy people over there, up to permanent wickedness upon the drama platforms, who are they? Caballeros, perhaps; yellow perils, without doubt, somebody from somewhere beyond our upright frontiers.

Yet we are not churlish in these matters of culpability. As long as the crimes are not committed upon the drama's native doorsteps, we care not who is guilty.

These same stalwart defenders of democratic virtue are catholic in their accusations elsewhere. When our exploring artists invade other nations for their material, they arrange the necessary *ententes cordiales*. Among the foreign embroilments it makes no difference who the culprit is as long as it is not the U. S. Consul.

SO accustomed are the Mexicans to assuming the guilt of the stage wrongs that they cheer loudly whenever their fellow citizens are shown to be good and true. When Holbrook Blinn enacted *The Bad Man*, whose virtues shone brightly through the deceptive fog of mere appearance, they saluted him from beyond the Rio Grande, kept the motion-picture theatre where the picture was shown under federal protection and summoned Mr. Blinn to the honors of their inaugurations.

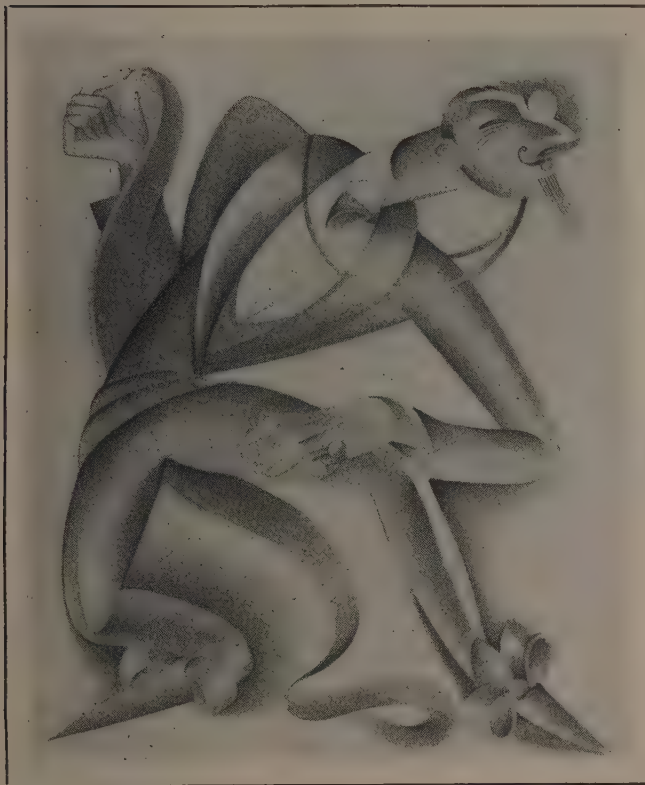
It was a graceful tribute, and it was thoughtful of them to forgive the past so
(Concluded on page 53)



The olive-hued Spanish rogue who twangs an insinuating guitar while the fiery melodies of his uncensored serenades almost singe his own perfumed side-burns



The American hard-boiled yegg who carries on under a banner of smashed gin-bottles rampant on a field of steel-reinforced boxing gloves



The French Mephisto, after twirling his goatee and illicit crêpe de Chine, strikes the attitude of a famous barber and promises to make a grande dame of the little midinette



Señor Sanchez scatters cigar smoke, Mexican oaths and a few blank cartridges about the stage in an attempt to add another dark-eyed beauty to his love-hacienda

THE INTERNATIONAL VILLAIN ON BROADWAY

Four members of the League of Rascals who keep the theatre safe for iniquities

(Caricatures by Amero)

Joe Cook—Broadway's Funny Man

Famous Comedian Who Can Entertain Both High and Low Brow

By GILBERT SELDES

THE best performance Joe Cook gives is himself. Not the official One-Man Vaudeville Show, but Joe Cook's in-person continuous vaudeville about this and that, his sitting-standing-sitting burlesque of everything. Including himself. He got his first chance in New York (at a continuous-performance house in Harlem) by kidding his own act. He had a photograph made of himself juggling about fifteen tennis balls—painting out of the plate the tiny threads on which the balls had been suspended. The booking agent asked, "Can you do that?" Cook pointed to the photograph. He got the job.

It wouldn't have been quite so good a trick if Cook weren't actually an exceptionally fine juggler. Only a handful of specialists can work as many Indian clubs as he can. He is an inveterate parodist, but all his parody is based on his excellent technique, on his real accomplishments as an acrobat, bareback rider, juggler, dancer—on faith I would accept him even as a tight-rope walker, strong man and teeth-hanger. He not only knows a variety of acts; he is afraid to forget them and practises constantly so that he can shoot a biscuit out of a man's hand or twirl hoops around himself at the top of a pole. Even in the Carroll revues he clings to vaudeville acrobatics. They are inappropriate there, but he has to have them. They represent the thing he knew first, the thing he could count on before his special humor made its way in vaudeville.

IT is the same humor on stage and off, with appropriate changes in technique. On the stage he presents *The Great Shower-Bath Mystery*. He explains for about ten minutes that he has invented a shower which eliminates the undesirable feature of all other showers; namely, that you have to undress before and dress after taking. He calls his grotesque helpers as judges from the audience; the elaboration is a vast parody of a Houdini trick. And then he gets under the shower, and nothing happens except that he gets wet. His practical jokes are all as impractical as that.

The ritual of a visit to Cook's home is almost as elaborate as one of his acts. He lives at Lake Hopatcong and motors you out there after his performance, arriving, with luck at 2 A. M. In fair weather or foul you are not permitted to enter the house at once. He always finds pretexts to keep you out until, suddenly, he begins to be extremely social and anxious and wonders whether "they" will not be offended by your delay. All of this means that Meadows is ready, Meadows being Cook's parody butler. It would be a *faux pas* to recognize him as your companion on

the trip and as Ellis, Cook's collaborator in *The Pile Driver* of 1926 and other acts on the stage. Meadows, according to Cook, is an old family retainer, but his sojourn in America has put ideas into his head; he is asking for his wages regularly, and you wouldn't believe how much it costs for the upkeep of his livery (his livery being the darnedest collection of misfit, rusty-green clothes with red pipings and odd-sized gold buttons and loose cuffs and

Joe Cook, the now famous headliner, got his first chance on Broadway by kidding his own act.

He had a photograph made of himself juggling about fifteen tennis balls—painting out of the plate the tiny threads on which the balls had been suspended.

The booking agent asked: "Can you do that?"

Cook pointed to the photograph.

He got the job.

a dickey). Meadows is presently replaced by Kelly, who functions at the bar, and Kelly turns out to be Ellis again, immaculate in white, presiding over a miniature bar and pool room in the basement. In this room it is dangerous to touch anything—a stein, a tray, a cigarette box—because they all play tiny tunes when moved. The center of the room is occupied by a baseball enclosed in a glass case. Cook explains that it is the rarest baseball in the world—the one not autographed by Babe Ruth.

His house is Cook's toy—but neither it nor his hospitality is a practical joke; or, if it is, the universe is its unconscious butt. Cook isn't even an intuitive philosopher; he has no deliberate intention toward satire; he reads about as much as Will Rogers; a great many things said around and about his style of parody he doesn't understand literally. But he knows what he is doing. He not only knows that the King has no clothes on—he is himself the child that kidded the pants off the King. At four in the morning Cook plugs in the radio—there is a grunt, a rattle and silence. Cook stands bemused at the contraption and earnestly calls you to testify to the wonders of science, "getting all that from the other end of the world, maybe"; and he is the only man I know who can adequately and amusingly keep up a running commentary on a radio speech. Hear him do it and you understand how he man-

ages his extraordinarily delicate job of making, impromptu, a commentary on a story in Elton's First Reader in the *Vanities*. In essence they are the same thing: Joe Cook gently kidding the whole business.

HE is a real trouper. As a boy he learned one of his best tricks: standing on top of a huge wooden ball and propelling it by neat footwork up an incline and down a flight of stairs. He still does it (and it is characteristic of his oblique humor that he wants to try it some time with an imperfect sphere) and he adds comedy to the trick. "I got killed doing this one time," he says, half-way up, and sometimes he maneuvers the ball down the first two steps and hops off, remarking that the rest are just like the first two. He took his little act out to county fairs, in side-shows, through the honky-tonks. Naturally he lives in show business. His controversy, written for *Variety*, is typical. The pages of that journal used to be full of angry letters from vaudevillians accusing one another of stealing business. Cook wrote both sides of a correspondence in which the business involved was "coming forward at the end of your act, bowing from the hips, smiling and nodding the head when receiving applause." In his first letter he claimed to have invented this business; when this was challenged, he admitted that it had been given to him by an old circus player who had invented it in 1872 and had never had a chance to use it. The two styles in these letters, the indignant and the insidious, were beautifully done. And, oddly enough, Cook has never accused anyone of stealing his stuff. It has been appropriated by others, and of one quite obvious example Cook said, "We appeared on the same bills a lot and I guess we both got to talking the same way." An equally generous statement I have never heard from any other man on the stage.

Cook's mind is a warren of ideas which breed endlessly. He should really have been the Harlequin *capocomica* of an old Italian troupe thinking up plays and business for the Pantaloons and Columbines of his company. Some of the things he does invent are precise counterparts to the amusing tricks of the old Harlequin plays, and he has the faculty which all the good Harlequins have of appealing to every class. The appeal differs, no doubt, but Cook is one of the exceptional people who, largely by being unconscious of the existence of a gap between low brow and high brow, can entertain them both at once. When he invites his judges to sit down on a row of chairs painted on the back drop, he gets a laugh; when they sit down and do not fall because he has placed a row of chairs behind

(Continued on page 54)



Vandamm Studio

Joe Cook, with his book in the proper position (upside down), volunteers an impromptu commentary on a story in Elton's "First Reader." This daily literary feat was inspired by one of Cook's critics, who accused the comedian of never opening a book. Since then, as part of his routine, he devotes exactly five minutes to reading every night, but admits that stopping in the middle of a sentence is most irritating



Strauss-Peyton

Jeanne Eagles, resorting to a large hat to keep her out of *Rain*, is opening in *The Yes Girl*, a play by Owen Davis, produced by Sam H. Harris



White

The Judge's Husband is William Hodge, author of the play. Gladys Hanson is the Judge. Ladies, take note!



Strauss-Peyton

Allan Dinehart, who will play the lead in *Treat 'Em Rough*, will also direct the new play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, to be seen around Labor Day



Frank McIntyre, in *Queen High*, musical version of *A Pair of Sixes*, by Lawrence Schwab and B. G. DeSylva



De Mirjian

Odette Myrtil and Walter Woolf in *Countess Maritza*, an operetta from the German



Eugene Hutchinson

Vivienne Segal will star in *Castles in the Air*, a musical comedy. Book and lyrics by Raymond W. Peck

SEPTEMBER OPENINGS

Whose curtains will rise when the leaves begin to fall



Rise of the Curtain



SEASON 1926-27

ENTERTAINMENT of an infinite variety for the theatregoers' thousand and one nights is offered by the two hundred or more new stage productions now being prepared for Fall launching.

Among the more important events of the impending season is Horace Liveright's stage production of Dreiser's widely read novel, *An American Tragedy*, in which Glenn Hunter will officiate as the luckless hero in a dramatization prepared by Patrick Kearney.

This producing firm will also sponsor five additional plays, with two more announced as possibilities. Paul Robeson will be starred in *Black Boy*, a comedy drama by Jim Tulley and Frank Dazey, Jr. A comedy, *The Wild Man*, by Marc Connelly and Herman J. Mankiewicz; *Balloons*, a fantastic comedy of New York life, by Edwin Justus Mayer, author of the successful *Firebrand*; *When the Devil Was Sick*, based by Arthur Pollock on a scenario by the producer and on a novel by George F. Hummel, *A Good Man*; and *Cover Charge*, by Samuel Shipman, based on Cornell Woolrich's novel of the same name, are among the certainties.

Mr. Liveright contemplates also the presentation of *All for Love*, which Mayer adapted from Christopher Morley, and which the impresario proclaims to be the best of all the Antony and Cleopatra dramas. And continuing his flair for bringing Shakespeare up to date, Liveright is to do a modern dress version of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

DAVID BELASCO has over three hundred players under contract to him who are slated for five new productions. Fannie Brice, erstwhile Follies light, will invade the Lyceum Theatre in September in *Fanny*, a play by Belasco and Willard Mack. Another product from Mack's typewriter now in rehearsal is *All the Way from Texas*, a romantic story of the pioneer era with the author sharing acting honors with Beth Merrill. This is slated for an October première in New York. For the holidays Mr. Belasco has bespoken the appearance of one of America's leading stars in a German play new to the New York stage. *The Desert*, which George Middleton adapted from the Spanish of Lorenzo Azertis, will serve as a vehicle for the return of Katherine Cornell. Other important players on the producer's roster are Judith Anderson and Vivienne Osborne. A new work by William Hurlbut also is on the schedule. Meanwhile Lenore Ulric will continue with *Lulu Belle*.

Keeping pace with the new attractions are the new theatres, one of which, in West Fifty-eighth Street, John Golden is building to house some of his forthcoming offerings. These include *Two Worlds*, which is being revised for its metropolitan presentation following a recent try-out at Atlantic City. Mamaroneck, N. Y. will first see *Help Wanted—Female*, by Gladys

Unger, which features Nydia Westman and is being staged by Winchell Smith. With Sam Wallach, Mr. Golden will try out *The Stolen Lady* by Crane Wilbur.

This piece features Leo Carillo and an imposing supporting cast. Another Golden project is *Love 'Em Cowboy*, by George Abbot, which will be presented in association with Lawrence Weber.

In addition to his affiliation with John Golden, Samuel Wallach will launch several productions under his own exclusive trademark, among them being a new play to feature Gladys Frazin of the Comédie Française.

John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemons, authors of *Aloma of the South Seas* and *Alias the Deacon* have furnished Wallach with a new comedy, which he is now preparing for presentation.

AN incomplete schedule from the house of Shubert offers several promising features dominated by musical productions, among them being *Countess Maritza*, the Viennese operetta which had an Atlantic City première and which has enjoyed extended engagements in Vienna and other Continental cities. In the cast are Yvonne d'Arle, Odette Myrtil, Walter Woolf, George Hassell, Harry K. Morton, Carl Randall, Vivian Hart and Marjorie Peterson. Their initial dramatic production of the season will be *My Country* by William J. Perlman.

There will be a fourth edition of *Artists and Models* and a second version of *Gay Paree*. Two new operettas are awaited from Oscar Strauss, the Viennese composer whom the Shuberts have commissioned. Clyde Fitch's old play *Barbara Frietchie* will be put to music by Sigmund Romberg, with the book and lyrics from the pen of Dorothy Donnelly. Another musical will be *The Willow Tree*. Among the players to be provided with new plays are William Hodge and Mitzi, the latter to follow after her New York run in *Naughty Riquette*.

To further swell the lists of musical productions, Charles Dillingham plans a new Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach-Anne Caldwell collaboration for Mary Eaton, who will be assisted by Walter Catlett and Richard (Skeet) Gallagher. The same trio of composer and writers have provided material for Fred Stone's next effort, *Criss-Cross*, in which his daughter Dorothy again will have an important share of the work.

Beatrice Lillie and Charles Winninger are the winning team to be featured in another Dillingham production; and the Otto Harbach-Jerome Kern-Anne Caldwell combination goes to work with Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, on *The Sharpshooter*, a musical comedy.

William Le Baron has found time off from his film labors to furnish Dillingham with two news plays, one a comedy, *It Can Be Done*, and the other, *So This Is Harris*, the result of collaboration with H. C. Witwer.

And the much-discussed Michael Arlen combines with Winchell Smith in reporting on *What Fun Frenchmen Have*, which is the title of another Dillingham piece scheduled for early production.

Al Strassman promises "something different"

in the way of musical revues with the distinctive title of *Nic-Nax of 1926*, now in rehearsal. Fritzi Scheff heads the vocal contingent, with aid from Fred Santley, Dorothy Mackaye, Ray Raymond and Harry Short, not to overlook Gitz Rice and Werner Janseen, who are composing the scores.

AMBITIOUS plans for the new season also are entertained by A. H. Woods, who has seven potential aces up his managerial sleeve. That sterling actress, Mary Newcomb, will have an opportunity to display her ability in *A Woman Disputed Among Men*, by Denison Clift, with Lowell Sherman in a prominent rôle.

Laurette Taylor, Leslie Howard and others will begin rehearsals soon in *The Cardboard Lover*, a comedy from the French of Jacques Deval. *The Eskimo*, by Samuel Hoffenstein and Gene Markey which was enthusiastically received in Detroit will enter the metropolis with Ann Harding, Rollo Peters and Cecil Humphreys ready to repeat their success for New York's first nighters.

Other Woods attractions will be *Molly Magdalen*, by Crane Wilbur; our old friends *Potash and Perlmutter*, *Detectives*, by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman; *Glamour*, by Hugh Stanislaus Stange; and *The Cavalier of the Streets*, by the provocative Michael Arlen.

Because of the spectacular success in the West of Anita Loos and John Emerson's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Edgar Selwyn has contracted for another work by these writers, *Why Girls Go South*, based on Miss Loos's story.

Mr. Selwyn's production of *The Imaginative Girl*, will be shown soon after a Stamford try-out, with Tom Wise and Dorothy Burgess in the leading rôles. The producer will follow this with *A Proud Woman*, from the typewriter of Arthur Richman.

Richard Herndon will be represented by six productions now on his schedule. Barry Connors, author of *The Patsy*, contributed *Yen*, said to be of more serious tenor than this playwright's previous efforts. About Christmas time we may expect to see Genevieve Tobin in *Treat 'Em Rough* by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Also on Herndon's list are *Up the Line*, by Henry Fisk Carlton; *The Day Lady*, by Broadway's own Samuel Shipman, and a new comedy for Claiborne Foster. The new season's bow has already been made with *Americana*, a satiric revue by J. P. McEvory, which has been decorated by the distinctive cartooning efforts of John Held, Jr.

THE MELODY GIRL is the inviting title of George M. Cohan's new musical comedy for which Mr. Cohan has, as usual, written not only the book and lyrics, but also the music. This *opus* will have a Boston première, and after a looked-for engagement there of
(Concluded on page 53)





Florence Vandamm Studio

"THAT'S IT—SHE'S GOT IT"
"No foolin' " for the Ziegfeld chorus during rehearsal

The Superman at Seventy!

How G. B. S. Reaches a Ripe Old Age and Piles Up a Comfortable Fortune on a Diet of Wit and Vegetables

By JOSEPH KAYE

IN contrast to the crackling fireworks that have accompanied his career, George Bernard Shaw has been growing old quietly. The world scarce realizes that on the twenty-sixth of July, 1926, the famous dramatist reached his seventieth year.

Shaw seventy!

Seventy is an age at which most men begin to think fondly of easy chairs and the glow of a fireside. At seventy public men retire and take to retrospection. At seventy the artist lays down his brushes and the writer makes rarer visits to his desk.

Is this also the picture of Shaw at three-score-and-ten?

Far from it. It would not be consistent, and consistency is a virtue from which the greatest living dramatist never deviates.

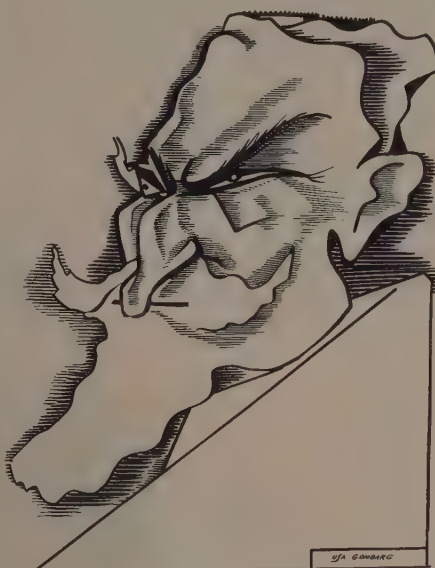
At seventy he is not much different from the firebrand of fifty or thirty. His red beard has grown a venerable white, and perhaps he is not so ready to be the stormy petrel in an argument as of yore; but these changes are external and superficial. Shaw is Shaw to-day, and it is inconceivable that he will be anything else even when he has reached eighty, the supreme patriarchal state.

He has not changed his habits of living. He still has his home at 10 Adelphi Terrace—an address as famous as 10 Downing Street—where he lives quietly and very unostentatiously. He is still a strict vegetarian and still has a distaste for sport. He still likes cycling, though he uses also his motor, and public speaking is still his chief hobby. One might also say that Mrs. Shaw is still the force behind the throne, though only the intimates of the writer know that.

And as far as the business end of his profession is concerned, Shaw very definitely has not changed. He still remains the keenest manager an author can hope to have. Away back in the early days the playwright decided that no one had as great an interest in the welfare of George Bernard Shaw as Shaw himself, and he thereupon taught himself how to get the most out of the world for Shaw. For many years now he has been the terror of theatrical managers and he still gets the highest royalty of any playwright—10 per cent. for the first ten thousand dollars taken in at the box-office and above that sum 15 per cent. on the gross, which works out to about twice the amount of royalty the general run of dramatists are paid.

MANY years ago Shaw enunciated the principle that "The spontaneous recognition of really original work begins with a mere handful of people and propagates itself so slowly that it becomes a commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertising." He accordingly began to ad-

vertise himself and advertised so well that, as he himself admitted, at middle life he was "almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman." He is still an ardent devotee of advertising, though, like the well-established firm, he no longer goes in for intensive campaigns (wherein he proves that he is the superior of Shakespeare), but indulges in occasional spreads for good-will purposes. A recent example can be given in the correspondence that passed between



Cartoon by Gombarg

George Bernard Shaw at seventy is not much different from the firebrand of fifty. His red beard has grown a venerable white, but Shaw is the same wise-cracking Shaw to-day

Shaw and the New York Theatre Guild, when the latter produced his play, *Heart-break House*. It was found that the production would run over three hours, and since New Yorkers are afflicted in a large measure with the commuters' plague, which forces them to catch night trains at certain specified hours, Shaw was asked to permit cuts in the work. His answer was as follows:

"Even if it took three hours and a half, I should not spare the audience one second of it, especially as they would talk about it for a fortnight after and feel that they had prodigious value for their money."

No Shaw letters can be published without his express permission, but he authorized this communication.

Shaw is as reticent about his financial affairs to-day as he has always been and as careful. He has just forbidden an amateur group in New York to perform one of his plays for charity without paying royalty, and when the Theatre Guild, which is his official producer in America, asked him to buy some bonds of their new theatre he sent them an article on theatre construction instead, stating they could sell it and apply

the receipts to the building fund. He has a very large income and must be one of the wealthiest writers living, but no one knows what he does with his money. The rumor is that he devotes much of it to bequests, especially to the Socialist cause. And here is more evidence that Shaw has not changed with the passing years. He became an active Socialist at twenty and has remained firm to his principles since, despite the success, artistic and financial, that he has achieved.

In his writings, the same Shavian style that attracted and fascinated playgoers and readers years ago still remains. His latest play is *Saint Joan*; his first was *Widowers' Houses*, and though there are thirty years between them, there is the same brilliant, masterful, caustic, analytically logical argumentation in both. Take the following passage from *Saint Joan*, in which the Archbishop defines miracles:

"A miracle, my friend, is an event which creates faith. That is the purpose and nature of miracles. They seem wonderful to the people who witness them and very simple to those who perform them. That does not matter; if they confirm or create faith they are true miracles.

"La Tremouille—Even if they are frauds, do you mean?"

"Archbishop—Frauds deceive. An event which creates faith does not deceive; therefore it is not a fraud but a miracle. Miracles are not frauds because they are often—I do not say always—very simple and innocent contrivances by which the priest fortifies the faith of his flock. When this girl (Joan) picks out the Dauphin among the courtiers (without knowing him), it will not be a miracle for me, because I shall know how it has been done and my faith will not be increased. But for the others, if they feel the thrill of the supernatural, if they forget their sinful clay in a sudden sense of the glory of God, it will be a miracle, and a blessed one. And you will find that the girl herself will be more affected than anyone else. She will forget how she really picked him out."

AND now this excerpt from *Widowers' Houses*, a play seeking to expose slum landlordism and the social system back of it. Dr. Trench is indignant at the mercenary methods of the landlord, Sartorius. Sartorius asks:

"And now, Dr. Trench, may I ask what your income is derived from?"

"Trench—From interest— not from houses. My hands are clean as far as that goes. Interest on a mortgage."

"Sartorius—Yes, a mortgage on my property. When I, to use your own words, screw and bully and drive these people to pay what they have freely undertaken to pay me, I cannot touch one penny of the money they give me until I have first paid

(Continued on page 56)

Stage Fright !!!

What Players Do to Ward Off the Much-feared Opening-night Bogey

By B. F. WILSON

IN the old days men took sadistic delight in devising new methods of torture for their wretched victims. Civilization hasn't progressed much. We have to-day the opening-night performance, which, as far as actors are concerned, makes the Spanish Inquisition look like a Sunday-school outing.

To the average actor the stage fright suffered at these performances beats any other known form of horror. It is like taking a bath in hell fire. The fiendish effects of trying to control jumping nerves, hysterical desires to scream, laugh and weep; clattering knees which sound like expert renditions of Spanish castanets; sinking, sagging, falling muscles—and, above all, nausea, all go to turn the most normal players, for the time, into semi-idiot.

No matter how hardened the player, no matter how long his or her feet have trod the boards, no matter how weather-beaten and scarred from innumerable first-night battles, there doesn't exist to-day a single one who fails to go through purgatory at each premiere performance. Worn out with rehearsals, bored to death with constant repetition of the same lines and same matters of "business," positive of the utter worthlessness of the play, of their own bad parts and indifferent acting, the day before the premiere finds the actor in a hopeless, bewildered, utterly exhausted condition. They try various expedients to regain their normalcy before the first night. None of them any good. They wander aimlessly about. You can see them at the Lambs' or on Broadway. You can tell by their expression and bearing every time that here is another one about to go through the ordeal. The wild, vacant stare; the pale, harassed countenance; the emphatic refusal of all food or drink or entertainment; the general hang-dog look stamps the actor about to go through the agony of a first performance.

THEY cannot sleep the interim away. Ed Wynn told me that in all the years he has been on the stage he has never been able to close his eyes once during the night before an opening performance. Most of them are like this. Nothing has been discovered to overcome this stage fright, but many and varied are the remedies tried.

Henry Ainley, the well-known English actor, recently said that he always took a cup of hot tea just before going on. This helped to offset his nerves. The great John Philip Kemble had to take opium before

he was able to go on. Edmund Kean, George Frederick Cook all believed in strong stimulants. Brandy and soda was their favorite bracer. A great many of the old school took sherry. Braham favored bottled port when he was to sing.

Florence Reed, who is still making *Shanghai Gestures*, has always suffered from stage fright.

of acute nausea. This period, immediately preceding the entrance on the stage, is the worst of all. Most actors have a violent desire to run out of the theatre as far away as possible at this time.

ERNEST TRUEX, the delightful comedian of *Pomeroy's Past*, finds the worst period of *Pomeroy's Past*, finds the ing, and generally he falls back on his favorite pastime and cure for all ills—golf. When it comes to the actual ordeal of the opening night, he finds that his mind has been so completely soothed and emptied by his game that nothing can possibly frighten him.

However, his real *bête noire* at such a time is the handling of tea cups and similar shaky implements. He finds that these have a diabolical tendency to center the entire attention of the audience upon their fragile and breakable possibilities and to aid in the search of a suggestion to keep tea-cups from rattling in one's hand or tea from spilling over onto Keene's expensive rugs (the cleaning bills of which are not included in his salary).

Claiborne Foster, the clever little star of *The Patsy*, declares that the only thing she finds efficacious is prayer. Helen Gahagan finds refuge from her terrors in keeping her mind in an imaginary world, where real people and real happenings cannot intrude.

Frank Craven scoffs at the idea of tea, brandy, opium or any other stimulant. "That's all the bunk," he said. "I don't believe

in it at all. I never take anything on an opening night, for the simple reason that if I did, I couldn't keep it down. The knees and the pit of the stomach are the two places most affected by stage fright. Of course, I get terribly nervous. Who doesn't? But stage fright isn't necessarily limited to the theatrical profession. Far from it. Baseball players who have been in some big league for years will fumble the ball and tremble like scared kids at an opening game. Prize-fighters get so nervous that their trainers have to keep aromatic spirits of ammonia under their noses up to the minute the gong sounds. Just like actors, they're terribly superstitious, too. I have seen any number of prize-fighters, great big, bull men, with faces that would make a stone-crusher look like a Spring zephyr, cross themselves just before they put up the gloves. They always cross themselves before starting to fight. Even when they go in the ring with every

(Continued on page 50)



Sketch by Leo Kober

A black cat—the last thing an actress wants to see on an opening night

"Ainley is lucky if hot tea does it for him," she said. "As far as I am concerned, the anodyne has yet to be brewed that could soothe the insanity of nerves on an opening night."

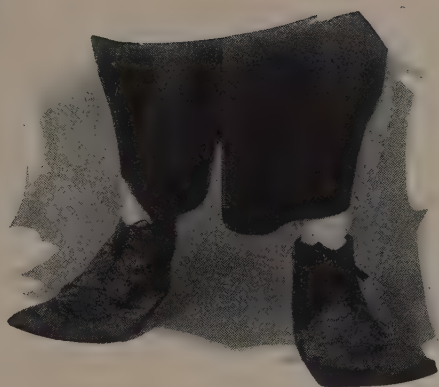
Tom Powers, the hero of *Love in a Mist*, admits that he, in common with all actors, suffers from nerves on opening nights. Any little sound—such as a burst of applause upon the entrance of another actor or the rumble of enthusiasm upon his exit—induces a high state of nervous excitement beyond the conception of persons in other professions to understand.

Florence Moore always has stage fright. "The older I get, the worse I get it," she said. "There is no liniment you can rub on that will take it away. My best advice is to keep as far away from the stage as possible, as it is very contagious."

Clifton Webb just sits in his dressing-room and trembles. Every time the boy calls, "Half hour!" then "Fifteen minutes!" then "Overture," he has an attack



Petite and sparkling as spangles these!

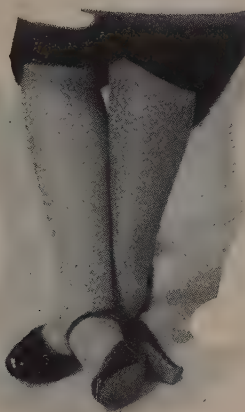


A queer duck's feet



The most eloquent feet on the ballet stage

He went into the hotel business on not even a shoe-string—and, at the end of the third act, is rich enough to wear button shoes



Voted the most beautiful feet in Hollywood—last seen in Russian footwear. "This is how not to sit," says Miss —?



Kiddie twists as flexible as her little pug nose



The man who lets his feet and trick mustache say everything



One of the best little slaveys behind the footlights

THE SOULS OF FEET

A feat! If you know to whom they belong

More Adventures of a Woman Playwright

Some of the Terrible Things That Can Happen and Do Happen Before a Broadway Opening

By LILLIAN BARRETT

(Sketches by Archie Gunn)

THE curtain was up and the play had begun. For those who have not worked back of the footlights, I suppose that proscenium arch holds glamour and illusion.

It did for me once. But now I see it all only as a monstrous sham, noisy and mechanical. I think of it in terms of props and spotlights, men in shirt-sleeves working ropes. That opening night, however, I saw only the mistakes. Every-



"Mothers brought their children to the matinee, thinking it a circus entertainment"

thing went wrong. The spotlights turned tricky. Properties were missing.

Someone turns casually to read a newspaper and there isn't any newspaper. Doors and windows to be thrown open gracefully are discovered bolted on the outside; the resulting tussle with them shakes the set precariously. Door-bells ring long after the people calling have entered and been greeted.

PAUSE—waiting for the bell which doesn't ring. "Now who can that be? Buck! So glad to see you. Do sit down!" Bell now begins to ring clamorously, drowning out all conversation.

The star had a long train to her gown in the first act. This had not been worn or calculated on during rehearsals. The actors were obliged, in sudden panic, to leap across it, or run around it, or, even, to step square upon it. A train is the wickedest thing in the world to deal with on the boards.

A minor member of the cast, an old "battle-axe" as someone designated her, had been counteracting the cold outside with something refreshing inside. She forgot all her lines, but, nothing daunted, made up new ones, hilariously, gaily, to the delight of the audience. The other actors were completely thrown off as a result. All cues were lost. A frenzied "ad lib" had to be resorted to by everybody in order to hold together the scenes in which the lady appeared.

The set of the second act was a studio supposed to be on the top floor of an apartment house. When the curtain went up there was disclosed on the skylight at the side the enormous shadow of a big fat stage-

hand. Let me say in extenuation of the gentleman, he was simply doing his duty, no matter how grotesque he may have appeared to the people out front. He was holding a large drum and frantically rolling about on the top of it a quantity of shot. This is the way the illusion of rain on the skylight was created. Later, after I left the play to follow its own devices, a thunder-and-lightning storm was introduced. It was irrelevant but, I will say, it was well done. The thunder was created by shooting a shotgun into a garbage tin. 'Tis thus we further art!

The last curtain down and the star successfully dead on her couch, we rose to go. Strict orders had been given—no curtain calls! But the applause, which was most generous and appreciative, caused someone to turn lunatic. The curtain slowly began to roll up again, but this time instead of a repetition of that last impressive tragic tableau a quite different spectacle was revealed. The star had risen to her feet and was loosening her head-dress. The stage crew had swooped down and begun their noisy marauding. One man had a chair on his head, another a table.

"Kill that curtain man!" shouted Mr. X., and the stage manager made one leap for back-stage. Whether the man actually was killed or not, I forgot to inquire. But if he wasn't, he deserved to be.

Horrible discouragement prevailed behind the scenes. In spite of the applause, it seemed to all of us an abominable presentation. Too tired to talk, I got back to my hotel and was just getting into bed when the names of two reporters were sent up to me. Desperately, I telephoned our publicity man, who insisted that I see them. So I crawled into my clothes again and down-stairs I went. We had supper, the two reporters and myself. I remember only gulping down big cups of black coffee in the hope of keeping awake and affecting a semblance, at least, of intelligence. People were eating and dancing and laughing all about us. This was a dull surprise to me. I had forgotten the world was going on just the same, with after-dinner suppers and gay insouciance. I seemed a visitor from



"No casting being done"

another sphere, looking on with strained eyes and aching brain. Evidently my coffee was not too efficacious in stimulating me, for as our party broke up one of the men said to me: "I'm going to start a column in my paper next week like Heywood Broun, tell about the people I meet, etc. Now, before you go, would you mind saying something brilliant?"

The night was not over for me. Long-distance phones began to come through. My brother in Newport; diverse friends in New York; someone in Pittsburgh. All were happy, excited, eager to hear the news. I had put through a brilliant *tour de force*. I had lived through the most thrilling night of my life. If only they were there with me to celebrate! And so it went. Oh, the irony of it all!

The two first newspapers I got in the morning gave us scathing reviews. I went back to bed. Rehearsal or no rehearsal, I *would* not, I *could* not get up. Then our publicity woman called up. "How does it feel to be famous?" "Famous," I shouted back. "You mean infamous!" But three other papers, important ones, had come out meanwhile with glowing accounts and predictions that the play would be one of the outstanding successes of the year. I decided maybe I wouldn't "spend the rest of my life in bed." The barometer began to go up.

SO it went. Our spirits soared one minute, fell with dizzying speed the next. And always there were rehearsals, steady, grinding, with change, change, change. I recall an amusing article by Ben Hecht, in which he said that during the rehearsals of *The Stork* he and the two directors sat up one whole night wrangling as to whether a clock, which was to strike during the performance, should strike in a soprano or bass note. Well, there you are! Concentrate on minute detail and let your general effect go to smash; that's your formula. With their speeches cut, chopped off, changed, distorted, the actors soon lost all idea of what they were supposed to convey to the audience. Of course it didn't matter to the poor actors; but it threw the good actors into gloomy depression.

We played Syracuse the last half of the first week. The play bore originally another title. The star liked the idea of a single name. But the title she decided on



"A minor member of the cast forgot her lines and hilariously made up new ones"

EDITOR'S NOTE: The first installment of this amusing account by Miss Barrett of her own experiences as a playwright appeared in THEATRE MAGAZINE for August.



**"PERFECT
PHYSICALLY"**

Dorothy Knapp was chosen as the most beautiful girl in the world by Howard Chandler Christy. She is in the *Earl Carroll Vanities*



**"SWANLIKE
SPLENDOR"**

Surrounds Georgia Lerch throughout her rôle in the *George White Scandals*



De Barron Studios

"SOMEWHAT SAD"
Is Gladys Glad, now appearing in *Ziegfeld's Palm Beach Girl*



De Mirjian Studios

**"LAVENDER AND OLD
LACE"**

Delicately carried out by Ethel Dale in the *Earl Carroll Vanities*



De Barron Studios

**"GAINSBOROUGH
GIRL"**

Bernadette Spencer, one of the chorus in *The Great Temptations*

BEAUTY SPOTS IN SUMMER REVUES

That do not require black court-plaster to enhance their charm

distinctly misled the great public of Syracuse. Our first Thursday afternoon brought forth principally mothers and their children. Evidently a sort of circus entertainment was expected,



"One of the actors had to reach his dressing-room over a board owing to the puddles"

rather than the serious study of a drug addict. Of course, nothing will throw a whole play off more than an inattentive audience, and with all those horrid little children crawling over the backs of chairs, making sorties out into the aisle, swarming underfoot like so many ants, the morale of the actors was completely destroyed.

Then, in the middle of it all, there was a hair-raising, blood-curdling cat fight out in the fire alley.

It was particularly unfortunate that the thing happened that day, as the owner of a New York theatre we were negotiating for was present. He had come out expressly to see the play and much depended on his ultimatum. Well—his decision, in theatrical lingo, was "thumbs down." After that, we changed the name of the play.

Meanwhile, the hope of an early opening in New York grew fainter and fainter. Desperately, we scanned the bulletin board each morning. A telegram or long-distance phone for the director, the stage manager, for anyone in fact, threw us into trembling apprehension. For the most part, we were kept in the dark about everything. The newspapers often told us things we had agonized to know for days.

THERE is invariably near every theatre on the road a small Italian restaurant where the actors collect after the play. As they have to be in their dressing-rooms early, too early to permit them to eat properly, dinner means little to them. But these midnight suppers mean much, not only from the point of view of food, but as a general settling up of the day's affairs. Here grievances are threshed out, advice given and taken, the latest amusing gossip passed around. Spaghetti and speculation! It was at a little place of this sort in Buffalo that someone came rushing in one night. The orders from the manager's office had just come in from New York, and he had it on good authority we were going right back to the city. New York! We positively shouted in our joy. We forgot all our little differences; we trod on air. We rushed home to bed that the intervening hours might pass more quickly.

So it was, the blow, when it fell the next morning, fell the more heavily. A group of white, discouraged faces, gathered around the bulletin

board, told me the news long before the dread black letters of our itinerary struck into my consciousness. New York? Not a bit of it! A long, gruesome list of one-night stands that was extended eventually to seven—or was it eleven?—weeks. Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Peoria! Disconsolately we pored over the list. And that was not the worst of it! Owing to crowded booking conditions, the places had been chosen haphazard, irrespective of their geographical situation. It was like a game of hickory-dickery dock! Here, there, everywhere! Six, eight, ten-hour jumps a day!

We read it all, took in the harsh, grilling truth of it and then turned away, not trusting ourselves to speak. So much for the gay life, the hip-hip-hooray life of the theatre! Oshkosh next stop!

Aspirin! That seemed the one permanent thing in an ever-shifting, whirling, kaleidoscopic existence. Everywhere you looked, someone was buying or borrowing or begging aspirin, chewing it down in reckless quantities. And small wonder! All succumbed at different times and over and over again to hard colds and gripe. The varying temperature of the dressing-rooms was in the main responsible. Some of these rooms were up under the roof, reached by tedious flights of iron steps. I remember one theatre where there was ventilation only in the narrow hall into which the dressing-rooms opened. The rooms themselves were hot and steaming; the doors had to be left open and sheets put up to shield the actors as they dressed. The sticks of grease-paint positively melted on the dressing-tables. In the next theatre, some of the dressing-rooms were under the stage, damp and of a penetrating cold. I recall seeing one of the actors walking into his dressing-room over a board, made necessary by the puddles standing about. Then, of course, there were the rats! The actors have heavy iron trunks for the most part, into which they put all their possessions each night. Should a pair of shoes be left out accidentally, they would be unrecognizable in the morning or else would have disappeared completely. One reaches the point where rats are taken for granted, like stage-hands.

There seems to be an illusion in the minds of the public that actors have all their expenses paid on the road. As a matter of fact, only the bare railroad fares are paid. Their hotel expenses they settle themselves. As most of them have homes in New York, which they are obliged to keep up, rigid economy is necessary while traveling. Very few of them go to the good hotels; most of them seek out boarding-houses or commercial places. So the food is not always what it should be. This, combined with the hard hours, also helps to undermine the actor's resistance.

Our leading man complained of feeling ill. He went to a doctor in Toronto, who said he had rheumatism. Another doctor along the road pronounced it neuritis. He continued to play when he was so weak that the man

who shared his dressing-room was obliged to put on his make-up for him. When the company reached Chicago, the star insisted that he go to her own doctor, who recognized at once that he was a dying man. It was tuberculosis. He played a last performance. The final scene, where he took the star's hand and said "Good-bye!" left the whole cast unnerved and unstrung, for everybody knew the truth. The following week he died. A brave lot, these actors!

The unexpected loss of anyone in the cast always meant a hasty doubling up of characters. The Italian fruit vendor played the doctor, the doctor became automatically the lover and so on down the line. No one knew just who he really was at any point. Then there was the deliberate changing of the cast for arbitrary reasons. One man was dismissed peremptorily because he was too short. That he had been of exactly the same stature when engaged for the part was not taken into consideration. Two actresses who had merely mob rôles to begin with were elevated overnight to important places; finished performers were dropped out to make room for them.

Fortunately the actors are better protected than they used to be. Not so many years ago a manager could take a troupe out to South Dakota, strand them and let them straggle back as best they could or die on the desert. To-day the manager is forced to serve a two weeks' notice and pay the actor's expenses back to the city; if he fails to do this, he is black-balled.



"The actors were obliged to leap over the star's long train"

TO-DAY the actor rehearses for four weeks without pay. If rehearsals are dragged out longer than that, he is paid. Not so very long ago I knew of a play that rehearsed for nine solid weeks and then failed in a fortnight. Calculate that for a loss!

Protection is doubly necessary now, because the theatrical mart is glutted with actors. With the road practically a dead issue, owing to moving pictures, there are thousands of actors out of work all the time. Any day you go to a manager's office, you will find swarms of people looking for work. "No casting being done!" So it will be shouted to the ever-gathering throng. Then there is a rush and a stampede to storm the next office where rumor has it a new play is to be done. Yet I doubt if the reputable managers ever take people from the outside; for the most part, they draw from their own lists.

In spite of the intensive training and the hardships that are the lot of the actors, they seem to find time to develop themselves along other lines. They are voracious readers, eager to improve themselves; they love music. Most of them have hobbies. One

(Continued on page 58)



The authoress at the grave of her first play



Photo White

Refined, comely, with a subtle charm of other days, this première danseuse brings her graceful, buoyant personality to *Americana*, the impromptu symposium of everything American by J. P. McEvoy, which opened with a midnight performance at the Belmont Theatre. Miss Ingram, an artiste of the Russian school, was applauded last Spring in the lovely Gavrilov Ballet presented by Richard Herndon at the tiny Princess Theatre

GEORGIA INGRAM—CONTRIBUTOR TO THE SYNCOPATED SYMPOSIUM, "AMERICANA"

Yo Ho! And a Glass of Ice Water

But Tee Hee for a Little—

By H. E. REDDING

ETHEL BARRYMORE in the Twelve-Pound (\$60.00) Look," says the headline of the Orpheum advertisement in the Kansas City *Star*. The dramatic critic on this provincial little paper hastens to explain that the brains behind the Orpheum Circuit in Chicago thought it best to explain to people out in Missouri that Ethel's look was concerned with dollars, not weight. He reminds them, however, that at the present rates of foreign exchange twelve pounds is not sixty dollars, and that their copy should read "Ethel Barrymore in the Twelve-Pound (\$58.52) Look." Score one for the home team!

TO elucidate, the Kansas City referred to is in Missouri. Missouri lies to the west of the Mississippi, out where the postage is no longer prepaid and the added price begins. It is the hinterland of the drama, but the homeland of Marion Talley, corn bread, cob pipes, Jeanne Eagels, mules and Augustus Thomas. Marion, Jeanne and Augustus have deserted their native mud to become citizens of the world, while the other commodities remain to identify our grand old State on the back drop of culture. However, it will not be long until the Orpheum can dispense with its special advertising copy for Missouri. Mr. Atwater Kent, Mr. Stromberg Carlson, Mr. Freshman Masterpiece (not a theme) and the rest of their cult, aided by the radio section of the ten-cent store, are charging our air with the finer things of life. Only last night we tuned in on WGN, that aerated edition of the Chicago *Tribune*, and were carried to sublime heights by a debate between Clarence Darrow and Wayne Wheeler on that classic subject, prohibition.

By the time they had done, practically the whole of Missouri knew that Mr. Darrow was "wet" and Mr. Wheeler "dry."

From that rasping voice which has saved Chicago the price of many a hangman's rope, I heard the clinching argument in behalf of moisture.

"Who ever heard of anyone writing a poem inspired by a glass of ice-water?"

Having a morbid curiosity about inspirations, I imbibed freely of a hundred-percent. content of a glass of ice-water, and here is the result:

On the night of March 1, 1926, Broadway tuned its ear to the gurgle of *Still Waters*. The tide ebbed with the final curtain, and those life guards of the drama, the critics, reported there would be no danger of anyone getting out of his depth in *Still Waters*. When the lights of Henry

Miller's Theatre proclaimed another play, we realized that *Still Waters* was just a mirage on the great American desert.

THUS it was that the Eighteenth Amendment so inveigled Augustus Thomas from the wisdom gained by sixty-seven years' close contact with the drama that he yielded to the temptation of an opinion and gave vent to a collection of words meant for the soap box, not the stage. Other dramatists have fallen before this urge to move their puppets at the instigation of propaganda. Those who succeeded in holding their public kept their opinions concealed in situations of pure drama. Those who failed neglected to keep the puppets moving while the sermon was going on. It was this dearth of dramatic quality which drained *Still Waters* off the heights on which Broadway places its successes and left Augustus Thomas dangerously near the catastrophe of becoming Dean Emeritus of American dramatists. What more fitting dirge could a playwright select than the hackneyed strain of prohibition!

At present, barring *The Miracle*, there is no production on the stage which a man can authentically cite as containing no mention of the Eighteenth Amendment. From the day the last drink crossed the bar, prohibition has been thoroughly dramatized. Any manager might safely offer rain checks to all productions which occupy his stage, and do not mention strong drink, without fear of losing a single paid admission. I have seen Japanese acrobats swinging from a rope held by somebody's teeth pause in their gyrations to shout some ribald comment on our arid condition. The circus no longer closes with a chariot race, for now the performers all bring it to an end by chasing themselves around the ring in pursuit of a clown wearing a beer keg. That familiar relic of childhood, the "Gentry Dog and Pony Show," has passed into vaudeville, but no more do we see the peaceful poodle scene in which Mr. Schneider, Mrs. Schneider and the baby all sit down to a family dinner. Now Mrs. Schneider comes reeling 'along the street, collides with a lamp-post and is hurled into a miniature "hoodlum wagon" by the erstwhile Mr. Schneider, who wears a policeman's star on his suspenders. Even unto the Schneider family has prohibition brought devastation of connubial bliss. Do you wonder that the poor, suffering Muse called Drama lifts his head and feebly cries, "Et tu, Augustus?"

HOW could Augustus do it? We Missourians lay the mistake at the feet of a quasi-musical comedy which has been touring our State. One of our native sons, Harlan Thompson by name, wrote the book of this contribution to posterity and dubbed it "My Girl." This feminine offspring of the brain which once guided Mr. Thompson's fingers across a typewriter in the pre-

cincts of the aforementioned Kansas City *Star* is a unique little noise in which the usually bountifully beautiful chorus has given place to an ensemble of jokes concerning the Eighteenth Amendment. The good old theme of wine, women and song, all well mixed and aged in the wooden limbs of the chorus, has been concocted into an unholy brew of little song, less women and much wine. The first act closes with the entry of a case of verdant bottles, which to our untutored eye looked as though they had never worn a richer raiment than "Canada Dry." With the added stimulation of that face which launched a thousand quips, "My Girl" reels on until, just for novelty, a woman faints and the happy ending follows on her heels. Then it was that the moral to the tale appeared, for never before had we felt so keenly the need of a good, strong drink.

THIS craving for the cup of forgetfulness started a campaign throughout the towns "My Girl" visited for electing Mr. Thompson to Congress where his ability to create that terrible realization of the need for liquor might profit something. This roused the politics lurking in the soul of A. E. Thomas.

Last Fourth of July, when we gathered to hear our annual reading of the Declaration of Independence, our orator of the day picked up the wrong book and read the Constitution, which mistake he did not realize until he had finished the last amendment. As he intoned Amendments 6 and 7 there came to us the awful truth that if we did not have them we would not have to serve on juries. Because of these tyrannical infringements on our personal liberty, we are compelled to sleep in uncomfortable chairs amid the din of district attorneys who are trying to induce us to shut our fellow men up in worse prisons even than the jury-box. If these two inroads on our pursuit of happiness were repealed, there might even be no more play juries to create strife among the exponents of the drama! What a trivial thing is the repeal of Amendment 18 compared to the great good which the annihilation of Amendments 6 and 7 would bring to our fair land.

To the common welfare Missouri donates this food for propaganda, with only a single string to the gift. Spread it thick as you wish, debate it over WGN, do anything but keep it off the stage. We take our drama straight. What of all this agitation over the 18th Amendment? Let it be drowned in a glass of ice-water!





Steward—or no—Piper (George Tawde) is no waiter when it comes to thrusting his amorous advances on the “much-misunderstood” Amy Oats

Captain Bedford (Edward Arnold) spies the rum-runner four hours ahead of the furtively arranged plans—necessitating his invention of *The Phantom Ship*



Amy Oats (Ruth Gordon), passenger on the S. S. *City of Quebec*, a freighter plying between Halifax and New York, insists that she is the logical one among the competing female passengers to accept the dishonorable proposal of the captain of the phantom ship

Photos Vandamm



ABOARD “THE PHANTOM SHIP”

Owen Davis' new farcical adventure, launched by Albert Lewis

THE PLAY THAT IS TALKED ABOUT

Kongo

A Play in Three Acts

by

CHESTER DE VONDE and KILBOURN GORDON



THIS is a typical modern melodrama, made acceptable to the sophisticated taste of present-day audiences by the ingenious use of stage illusions and realistic atmosphere. Its locale in the strange and obscure land of the Belgian Kongo, vividly projected on the stage through the first-hand knowledge of Mr. De Vonde, gives the play an element of plausibility usually lacking in productions of its kind. Mr. Gordon's hand is doubtlessly accountable for the expert stagecraft, as well as the excellent casting of its rôles, with Walter Huston, late of "Desire Under the Elms," contributing an unforgettable characterization in the sinister Dead Legs Flint. The following condensation is published by courtesy of the authors and the producer, Kilbourn Gordon.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Biltmore Theatre)

Whippy	Harry McNaughton
L'il Mim	Betty Bruce Henry
Kirk	Desmond Gallagher
Flint	Walter Huston
Zoombie	Mario Majeroni
Native	Herbert Ellis
Fuzzy	Clarence Redd
Kingsland	Richard Stevenson
Mrs. Mobray	Maude Nolan
Annie	Florence Mason
Choloman	Mekk Ula
Wash	Harry English
Kregg	Frederic Burt

ALL three acts take place in the interior of Flint's Stores Place—a small trading station in the interior of the Belgian Kongo, at a depot called Lupanga. It is a rough log-and-bamboo cabin, one side opening upon a stretch of jungle, with a small compound visible through the rear window. The furnishings are extremely crude and sparse—a table and two chairs, at one side a counter where natives and traders may purchase tobacco, liquor and a few necessities. A door at the left leads into Flint's room, one at the right into a spare room, utilized at the time the play opens as a bedroom. A peculiarly designed cabinet occupies the center of the back wall, and on the door is nailed a sign that reads "He Sneered."

"Dead Legs" Flint, keeper of the Stores Place, is a silent, vicious man, full-bearded, with a visage that has long since lost all trace of its former refinement. Paralyzed below the hips, he drags himself about by means of his powerful arms or wheels himself in a dilapidated wheel-chair. He rules his post and the natives with an implacable hand, and strange stories of his uncanny powers have spread throughout the Ivory Coast territory. Between himself and Kregg, keeper of a post at Imbimbia, there is a deadly warfare.

Flint's household consists of Whippy, a youthful Australian, who is a fugitive from justice; Zoombie, a high priest of the voodoo; Fuzzy, a black native of great strength, and L'il Mim, a high brown native girl who administers to Flint's few domestic wants. As the play opens two other persons become the recipients of

Flint's dubious hospitality. One is a man named Kingsland, who has been a skilful London surgeon in his day, but prefers to blot his name and himself from the social record. He staggers into camp, half dead from the ravages of hasheesh and swamp fever. The other guest is a girl known as "Annie," the family name of Whitehall long since dropped with her respectability into the discard.

This unfortunate woman, still young and retaining a marked degree of beauty, is the butt of Flint's animosity. He it is who has sent her into this life of degradation—although himself apparently disinterested. The luckless girl has contracted the dread "maklak," the contagious tropic disease that makes pariahs of its victims, but Flint allows her to remain, somewhat to the surprise of Kingsland. The latter is well pleased, however, as he is interested in trying to cure the fearful malady and also because he has developed a strange fondness for the forlorn girl. The latter's fear of Flint amounts almost to a superstition.

ANNIE: Doctor, do you believe in the supernatural, the weird influence that guides one's doings? Three times I have tried to get past the outer circle. Each time some uncanny thing has driven me back—back here to the damnable, unseemly house of Dead Legs Flint.

KINGSLAND: What is this outer circle?

ANNIE: No one seems to know. It is said to be a forbidden line drawn about a certain area by the voodoo hundreds of years ago.

KINGSLAND: That's all bally hocus-pocus.

ANNIE: You'd never say that if you had seen the manifestations, the call of the spirits I have. I've seen Zijeeppahkih!

KINGSLAND: Who the hell is Zijeeppahkih?

ANNIE: He's Prince God of the voodoo.

KINGSLAND: Tommyrot!

ANNIE: For God's sake, don't speak lightly of the voodoo. Voodooism hears, knows everything. Please—please don't endanger yourself.

Shortly after their talk Kingsland encounters Flint.

FLINT: Doc, a damnable pain hits my spine at times. I want you to do something for me.

KINGSLAND: What brought about your condition.

FLINT: I was kicked.

KINGSLAND: How did it happen and when?
FLINT: Years ago. Had a set-to with a party over—a certain matter. He got the better of the argument, knocked me down and kicked me in the spine. Three months after that kick my legs went dead. . . . See that? (Points to placard on door.)

KINGSLAND: What does it mean?

FLINT: My spur to memory.

KINGSLAND: It was a dirty deal. But, knowing you as I do, I can't squeeze a tear. You no doubt got what you deserved. A man who has developed such rotten traits must have been a beast at birth.

FLINT: One naturally would think so. But, strange as it may seem, I was a pretty good sort once. You haven't much respect for me, Doc?

KINGSLAND: Not a bit.

FLINT: I'm glad of that. I don't want it. I want nothing but hate, fear and disgust. I want to go to hell as the great unloved.

Kingsland tells Flint that he believes he can effect a temporary relief for the pain in his back, which seems to hearten the man considerably. After the doctor has gone, Zoombie, the black voodoo priest, comes in. Flint greets him with a hardly suppressed excitement.

Zoombie: Grand Sabba. Got news foh yuh. . . . The circle is now firm—together—tight!

FLINT: Good—twelve years I've waited. Now let's see anything get out, once it comes in, unless Dead Legs says it can.

Zoombie: Black men want yuh keep honah with them. Have done this thing for you. Kregg steals many men and sells them for slaves. Him yuh muss stop.

FLINT: By God, I will! He will come. He can't withstand me much longer. For years I have been digging at him. He knows I have undermined him. He is bound to come for a show-down. I've worked and schemed to get him here. I'm sure the poisoning of the well will bring him.

Zoombie: More news I got. One run boy comes from Ighoo. He know white girl Annie got maklak, very bad disease. This he tell two peoples. I make him shut chops. Peoples 'fraid for this maklak disease. They got sacred law 'gainst it. One who ketch maklak shall have

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Ernest Truex, star of *Pomeroy's Past*, gives advice to his sons, James, age 12, and Philip, 14, on how to play the rôles of Shylock and Portia



J. P. McAvoy, the author of *Americana*, an impromptu revue in which McEvoy dispenses tomfoolery, at the Belmont

Alexander



Underwood

FROM SHIPBOARD TO CITY PAVEMENT

Tom Powers, who will soon be featured in a musical version of *39 East*, is getting a little of the atmosphere of the East Side by introducing "shuffleboard" to the kiddies of Henderson Place



Underwood

COCK-FIGHT WELL STAGED

Claiborne Foster, *The Patsy*, was visiting the back-yard of her neighbor in Westport, Conn., John Held, Jr., cartoonist scenic designer, and this is how the guest acted



THE O'NEILL FAMILY

Shane, Mrs. O'Neill and Eugene O'Neill, taken at their home in Bermuda. Someone must have said something awfully funny—otherwise someone would not have smiled

SOME WORK WHILE THEY PLAY

Intimate snaps of those we meet in formal, stagey way

belly cut out, and burned up, an' body thrown in swamp, to be eat up by leeches. This so disease not spread.

FLINT: The white girl must not die.

ZOOMBIE: The people loose belief in you, you keep white girl. Zoombie no can help.

FLINT: By God, you will or I'll strip you of your power. I'll show them how you have played on their superstitions with man-made tricks I've given you. You can tell them the story about the girl isn't true. She must remain here until Kregg comes; then, if the niggers want to give her to the swamp, they can do it.

Some time later Flint is sitting in his chair by the window, the big whip he habitually carries hanging from his wrist and his revolver strapped across one hip. The air is hot and close. Steps sound on the gravel walk outside and three men appear in the entrance, two white and one black. The latter, a Chola warrior from Imbimbria, takes his place by the door and the taller of the two white men turns to his companion.

KREGG: Wasb, post your Cholas around the house. Have them ready if I call.

He enters and faces Flint. Kregg is a tall, dissipated-looking man, with furtive blue eyes but an air of authority about him. The two stare at each other for a pregnant moment.

KREGG: I'm Kregg.

FLINT: I'm Flint.

KREGG: Glad to know you.

FLINT: Like hell you are! You're here to blot me off the map. I've been working a long time to induce you to call on me. . . . Sit if you like, Kregg.

KREGG (*sits*): Clever of you, Flint, to establish me as the poisoner of that well and raider of that train and get it so nicely before my government. . . . Just wha's the game, Flint?

FLINT: If I explained it, the element of mystery would be gone. . . . the fun taken out. I must have my laughs.

KREGG: The poisoning of the well is just one of a number of things you have directed against me.

FLINT: Yes. I've stopped your slave trade. Made you quit mutilating niggers and turned the ivory trade away from your sector. . . . All exactly as I planned, Kregg.

KREGG: You've broken the black-white law. Dangerous—white setting black against white.

FLINT: You're not white, Kregg. The color of your skin doesn't count with me. No black ever played me the dirt a white man has.

KREGG: Enough of this cat-and-mouse play. Out with it—what in hell is your object in cutting away at me?

FLINT: Half my body is dead. . . . I want to prove that half of me is better than the whole of you. (*Kregg sneers.*) There it is! That sneer. That has been my bedfellow for years. My whole purpose in life is to see that sneer give way to fear. You haven't got me yet, have you—Whitehall? (*Kregg starts at sound of his name.*) I'll stand up. It may stimulate your memory. (*With the aid of a rope suspended from the ceiling Flint draws himself up straight.*)

KREGG (*advancing and looking Flint over studiously*): Yes—yes. The eyes. You've changed considerably. . . . You used to be rather trim. I declare—Rutledge, after all these years.

FLINT: Light begins to break?

KREGG: Yes. Revenge.

FLINT: Not revenge. Call it after effect of stark, sombre brooding. Do you see that placard? (*Points to sign on door.*) I keep it before me always. "He Sneered." To punish you has become an obsession, not because you took my wife. Not even because you paralyzed my spine with that kick. . . . Oh, yes, you did it, my good friend. I didn't languish for the woman you took from me. I didn't call God's vengeance down on your head in a voice broken with anguish. But, I remembered as you left me lying helpless, in agony, you sneered. Kregg, with that sneer you fashioned a weapon that will dry up every drop of blood in your body.



Vandamm

ACT II: "KONGO"

Doctor Kingsland (*Richard Stevenson*), his gesture of defiance overcome, finds himself at the mercy of Flint (*Walter Huston*)

KREGG: You're a madman.

FLINT: Yes, a monomaniac, glutted with one idea. When you took up your post at Imbimbria, I followed and established here at Lupanga, affiliated myself with a power that you can't resist.

KREGG (*springing up*): You'll get resistance—in large doses. In Imbimbria I am as powerful as you are here.

FLINT: You will never see Imbimbria again.

KREGG: You half-dead fool—I'll— (*Reaches for gun.*)

FLINT (*with lightning stroke strikes him in face with whip*): Hands off the gun or I'll cut your eyes out.

KREGG: My men will carry your head away on the point of an assagai. You made a bad mistake when you disclosed yourself to me. The next time I kick you, I'll paralyze the rest of you.

Flint calls Mim and dispatches her in search of Annie. After a moment the latter comes in. Flint points to her with an insane chuckle.

FLINT: Pretty isn't she, Kregg? . . . Nice eyes. Delicate skin. Wonderful figure. At one time a perfectly sweet little lady. . . . Now a prostitute.

ANNIE: I won't stay here to be insulted.

FLINT: Stay here, you'll learn something you

want to know. She has a fearful disease, mak-lak. I want you to get it all clearly, Kregg. I alone stand between her and the swamp. (*Annie draws back in horror*) You understand, Kregg?

KREGG: It is quite clear. But what has this harrowing scene to do with me?

FLINT: You'll know shortly. Understand that I am solely responsible for her present condition. I've tainted her for special showing. Behold her. By a lead I brought her here in search of her father.

ANNIE: You deliberately enticed me here.

FLINT: Yes. I set my net so you would come into it. Now the situation stands just as I planned it. Here you stand before this man, degraded as it is possible for a woman to be.

ANNIE (*goes close to Flint*): Flint, do you think you can go on in your hellishness and not feel the kick-back. So you have deliberately made me the creature I am. You are responsible for this mak-lak! By God, I'll get even. There is a way—there is a way. (*Dashes off hysterically.*)

FLINT (*glaring at Kregg*): Your daughter, Whitehall—your daughter by my wife!

KREGG (*sinks slowly into chair, shaken with grief*): My daughter!

FLINT: God—this is what I have waited for!

KREGG (*sits, his face covered with his hands, then of a sudden rises and bursts into a fit of boisterous laughter*): I say, Rutledge, you've made a mistake. You were always a stupid ass. . . . I see you believed what your wife told you the night she left you. She told you the child was mine. She said that just to sting you because you called her—well, no matter.

FLINT: I called her just what she was.

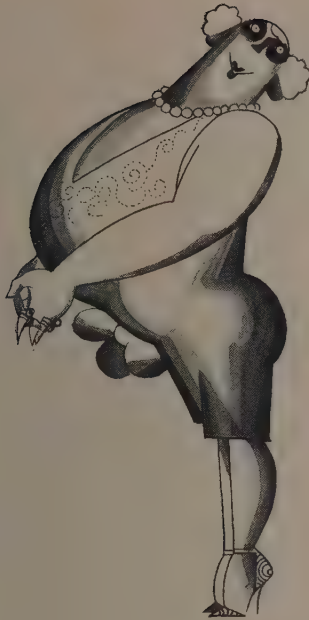
KREGG: You were wrong. If you'd figured dates, you would have found that the child couldn't possibly have been mine. I never saw you or your wife until later in July and that girl was born on Christmas Day. She's not my daughter, Rutledge, she's all yours. (*Sincere.*) God, what a boomerang. It's smashed you square between the eyes. (*Lightly.*) It would be tragic, if it wasn't so damned funny. (*Exits.*)

Flint sinks back in chair, stunned—helpless.

THE second act takes place the following evening. From the depths of the jungle sound the steady throb of drums. There is an air of suspense—a portentous something that injects itself into the actions of the characters and their speech. Kregg has tried unsuccessfully to get out of Flint's clutches and angrily demands that he be released, but Flint only smiles. In the meantime he has verified, through the intermediary of Dr. Kingsland, the date of Annie's birth. It was in December. She is really his own daughter. The realization temporarily unnerves him, but he soon steels himself to an even greater fury of hate against the man Kregg.

Kingsland has perforce learned of the situation and is tempted to kill Flint on the spot, but the latter reminds him that he is sheltering him, and without that shelter he might be forced into the shore post, where he would be recognized.

(Continued on page 50)



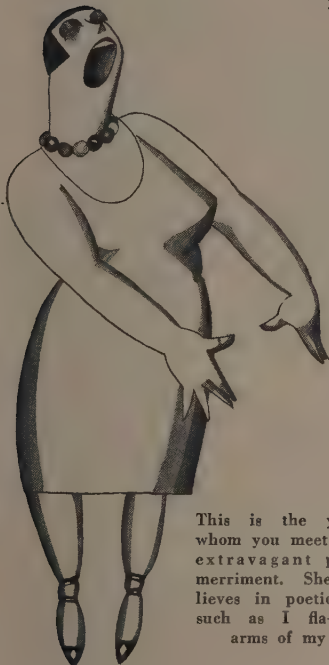
This, dear reader, is Arizona Sal. To be greeted and known by her means more to the supper-club patron from the wide-open spaces than the Social Register



Renée La Belle is the name of this French "chantoose." Her specialty is an imitation of Raquel Meller. She has that quaint Frenchy accent and you would never suspect that she used to be Mabel O'Grady

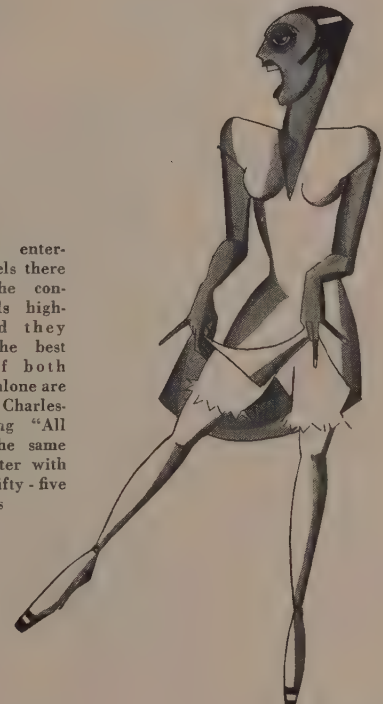


Charleston, of course. Without this ennobling dance no good time could be had by the audience. So you will never miss it



This is the young lady whom you meet in the less extravagant palaces of merriment. She firmly believes in poetic renditions such as I fla—y to the arms of my darling

Harlem, the entertaining damsels there are what the connoisseur calls high-yellow and they combine the best features of both races. They alone are able to do a Charleston and sing "All Alone" at the same time, the latter with additional fifty-five verses



HANS STENGEL

SUPPER CLUB STARS

Vociferous reasons why night cabaret patrons are willing to sacrifice their sleep and refuse to quit at 3 A. M.

Sketches by Hans Stengel

In the Land of the Geisha Girl

Devotion to Ideals and Rare Craftmanship the Impelling Force of the Japanese Theatre

By TED SHAWN

AS we arrived in Japan about twelve days before our own season at the Imperial Theatre began, we spent almost every day of that time in the various native theatres; and more and more I became impressed with the fact that back of the productions of the Japanese dramas was a greater craftsmanship, in every department, than I have ever seen on any American or European stage.

We saw dramas which ranged over many periods of Japanese history and in every case not only was the architecture of the stage correct to the period and the costuming of the period, but every wig, every article of furniture, every "prop" was different, according to what was used at that time.

There is no drama in the world which calls for the use of so many "props" as the Japanese drama. There is the inevitable tea service, there is the Hibachi (a charcoal-burning receptacle which is used to keep the water hot for tea, to light one's pipe at and also to provide some heat in cold weather for the room itself), there are tobacco sets, there are foutons or cushions, there are arm rests, there are swords, there are spears, an endless array of objects constantly being introduced into the action of every play, and every one of these things was so exquisitely made that it seemed to our eyes to be worthy of a place in a museum.

In addition to the natural curiosity that these aroused, the fact that we were also intending to bring back to America some Japanese dance plays for our own performances, set me off on a tour of investigation. I was accompanied by Mr. Ayukawa of the Imperial Theatre, who was our guide, philosopher and friend during our stay in Tokyo.

FIRST he took me to the house and workshop of Mr. Fujinami, who provides the theatrical properties to every theatre in Tokyo and to all of the theatres of the other Japanese cities. I was told by Mr. Fujinami and Mr. Ayukawa that I was the first foreigner ever to visit his workshop. Apparently no one previously had ever had the curiosity to see where these lovely things came from or else they were unable to satisfy that curiosity. I found Mr. Fujinami a most courteous host and his "house of props" a revelation.

His home and workshop adjoin each other. I was first received in his living-room. My shoes, of course, were left at the door, and I sat on a flat cushion on the floor. Tea was brought, scalding hot and rather bitter Japanese tea, and there was much talk. The wife and mother of Mr. Fujinami came in and there was more bowing, touching foreheads to the floor and

more talk, and then mother had prepared a Japanese dish called "Sushi," which is rice mixed with egg and mushrooms, rolled up in a piece of sea weed. A Carnegie medal should be awarded me, for I did the polite thing and ate every one of my six pieces, although sea weed is not an article of diet I should willingly include in my daily menu.

Then I was taken on a tour of inspec-

Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, the well known dancers, have returned home after having "carried coals to Newcastle" in their recent tour of the Orient, for in those classic countries of the dance the art of the Americans attracted as big crowds as here. While in Japan the visitors attended the native theatres, studying how the Japanese actors live and make their "props" and costumes. In the accompanying article, specially written for "Theatre Magazine," Ted Shawn gives an entertaining account of what he saw in the land of the Chrysanthemum.

tion. The business was founded by Mr. Fujinami's grandfather. An image of the old gentleman sits in a shrine in the main living-room and daily offerings of saké and rice are made to him. In the workshops are employed every kind of artisan. The most wonderful *papier-mâché* work I have ever seen anywhere was done at this place—masks, goblets, boxes, all sorts of things. He employs skilled workers in metal, joiners and carvers in wood, lacquer workers, sword makers, men who are specialists in ancient armor, men who worked in straw and bamboo and painters and sculptors.

Then I was taken to his "go-down" or warehouse. Before the earthquake and fire, he had three of these, two of which were burned. The fire, fortunately, was stopped before the third one went down, and this was the most valuable of all, as it was the warehouse of swords and armor. In this he has every kind of Japanese sword for every period of Japanese history, every known kind of armor, spears, bows and arrows and every other accoutrement of war. The Japanese drama is a masculine drama largely and the deeds of heroes and warriors form a large part of their thematic material, and thus this department of the furnishing of properties is of vital importance.

Mr. Fujinami possesses a marvelous library of books and scrolls with beautifully

painted specimens of every article of furniture in use in every period of Japanese history and possesses a collection of real objects which far outshines any museum I have ever visited. I spent some three hours in this place and do not feel that I even scratched the surface of the interest.

Next, Mr. Ayukawa took me to the home and workshop of Mr. Ohtaki, who has the monopoly of the wig business in all of Japan. In the early days of the theatre every actor-star had to maintain his own wigmaker to make wigs for himself and company. The grandfather of Mr. Ohtaki founded the first general wig business which offered a service to the entire Japanese stage. There is by now, of course, an enormous stock of wigs of every kind, shape, description, color and period, and instead of having to buy these wigs, which are elaborate and very expensive, every theatre now supplies its script for forthcoming productions to Mr. Ohtaki, and he rents for the length of the production every wig needed.

Next I went to see where the theatrical costumes come from. The Mitsukoshi store, one of the oldest and best in the land of the Geisha girl, maintains a theatrical-costume department, where costumes for all of the theatres of Japan are made and rented. They have the advantage, being a department store, of being able to take all sorts of things out of stock for theatrical use and of having the largest stock of materials to draw from of any firm in Japan.

Here I saw a large barracks-like building, which has been thrown up hastily since the fire, dozens and dozens of men and women, sitting cross-legged on their mats, sewing, dyeing, painting fabrics, cutting, fitting all of the usual stages of costume making. I was introduced into the mysteries of the trick kimona, where, by pulling certain strings, a kimona can be changed seven different times in front of the audience's eyes, becoming a completely different kimona each time.

AFTERWARDS Mr. Ohtaki took us some blocks away to the home of his father, who now, being nearly eighty, is living in retirement in a beautiful house on the Sumida River, amidst books and pictures and writings of Japan's poets and philosophers. Here we were entertained in true Japanese fashion. It was twilight. We walked through his garden to the river's edge, saw the lights beginning to spring up along the further bank. We were shown his enormous collection of prints, numbering literally hundreds of thousands of all types of actors, representing every period of costuming.



MANUFACTURING COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

Skilled artisans—but even better psychologists—who embody the spirit of the dance, drama or farce in papier-mâché. Those shown here are for *Othello*



NOT THE HAIRY APE—TED SHAWN trying on his new wig, for the character of a demon which he has brought to the States



This is not made from papier-mâché, but real Japanese armor. Mr. Shawn's not too happy expression would hint at the weight and discomfort of it

(Center)

In regal splendor, the Queen and King of Dance (*Ruth St. Denis* and *Ted Shawn*) are pictured in the natural frame of a Chinese garden of the Jade Tree Studios, Shanghai, China



Grace and charm of the West in a stage setting of the East. Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn visited the outlying districts of Tokyo, where foreigners are still a novelty, saying nothing of tall, blond ones

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

American dancers see Art and Beauty in the land of the Mikado

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE



AMELIA BINGHAM

WHO? The one in the second row in baby-blue chiffon?

No wonder you ask. She is an arresting type. At a luncheon at which Amelia Bingham and Lillian Russell were present

many comparisons were made across the table. I heard three say, "I think she is more beautiful than Miss Russell. She seems such a natural type and such a casual dresser."

They call Amelia Bingham the most beautiful widow in the profession. You knew her husband, Lloyd Bingham, of course. Everybody knew him. Poor Lloyd. Died suddenly in Norway. She has had suitors. A horde of them swarmed down upon her house on Riverside Drive as Penelope's suitors swarmed into Ulysses' home. But Amelia has thus far maintained the steadfast attitude of Penelope's indifference to those suitors. There's a story of one who is an officer in the United States Army.

"But where, dear sir, would we live?" Amelia gently asked her swain.

"At the different posts, wherever I am ordered."

"Nay, sir, nay," responded the lady. "I have had enough one-night stands."

Her house at Eighty-third Street and Riverside Drive is unique. A five-story red sandstone, the façade topped by three busts of dramatists, Shakespeare, of course, included.

"Nothing remarkable about them," said Miss Bingham of the marbled dramatists. "They are common enough on houses in Europe."

She brought back another custom from Europe. She found that the actress-manager is frequently found in England and on the smallest continent. "There is no reason why I shouldn't be one," she said. She deserted the Charles Frohman *agis* and conducted her own starring tours, with the aid of her husband, for a long and successful period.

They think rather well of Amelia on Broadway. If there were no better reason, because she loved Lady Kitty in *The Circle* in thirty-six cities, chiefly of the South, and traveled twenty-seven thousand miles.

GEORGE KELLY

WHAT do you think is the relationship of the grave, broad-shouldered man, of what someone has termed the "Mount Pisgah height of middle age," and the slender, smiling one who is walking up the aisle beside him?

"Father and son," you reply at a glance. Wrong. Elder and younger brother. Walter C. Kelly, he of the wide shoulders and

stately tread, is the man who brought that perennial source of smiles, *The Virginia Judge*, to vaudeville. Wrote it long ago and has been appearing as the risibles-tickling playlet for as many years as two generations of playgoers can remember.

"The youngster?" you ask. "The youngster" is George Kelly, the man who has just won the Pulitzer Prize with his play, *Craig's Wife*. He also wrote *The Torchbearers* and *The Show-Off*.

A modest fellow. I met him first at a luncheon. If the luncheon hadn't been given for him, he would have been the most retiring person there. As it was, his hostess coerced him into speech. You know. The "Of course you'll pay for your meal in words. What else were you invited for?" thing, you know. He is reserved. They are mistaken who call him diffident. No diffident person ever carried that gleam of delighted amusement in his eye. He is a modest fellow who laughs with his eyes. Laughs at that weakness or foible or silliness of yours that you fondly hoped you had hidden.

Those laughing eyes are as keen as auger points. They bore straight through you and bring forth all that is there.

He is not of a mind to tell what he thinks except in a play. The only concrete statement the you've-got-to-pay-for-your-luncheon hostess extorted from him was "I think it is a decided advantage for a dramatist to have been an actor. It gives him a mathematic sureness about values."

A bachelor who lives with his mother in Philadelphia, he does his writing in that alleged quiet city. He has a gentle, nearly inflexible desire to be let alone. He writes, in a typical Philadelphia house of red brick with white stone trimmings, plays about the people who live in other red-brick houses with white stone trimmings.

He sees the humor in the commonplace and translates it to the stage. He does not fare far for a Don Quixote or an Orlando. They live behind the shutters of the house farther down the block, if we but have the eyes to see. George Kelly has the eyes to see.

WILLIAM HARRIGAN

WILLIAM HARRIGAN is another modest fellow.

He never boasts of anything, with one exception that I'll tell you about in a minute. If you tell him he played a rôle well, he says he tried to do his best. He'd be afraid to face his father's memory if he did anything less. You know who his father was, Ned Harrigan of the pair of fun-makers, Harrigan and Hart. The Garrick Theatre (formerly Harrigan) was named for them. Built for them, unless I much mistake the traditions. The Garrick has swung with a long pendulum from the ownership and policy of a house for a pair from the varieties, with Harrigan especially possessing a Dick-

ensesque sense of character of the lowly, to the Theatre Guild.

William, son of Ned Harrigan, was trying then to kick his way through his cradle. He soon stopped kicking. He is a conciliatory person. He has the art and equipment for getting on well with persons of both sexes. Men like him because he is manly. Women for the same reason. A he man who, if he had a lisp, would have an operation performed for it and who swears at the barber who tries to anoint his scalp with perfumed pomade.

Broad-minded, too. No race prejudice in him. Which makes him popular on an island on which most dwellers, or perchers, are foreign born. When he came back from the war, came back Captain William Harrigan, having helped to find the "Lost Battalion." He said, "The American lads of Irish blood were the jewels of our army. I'm proud to have had a lot of these Celtic youngsters in my company, and I was proud of every mother's son of them. There was O'Connell, who always wore a gray sweater. He said it brought him luck. I suspect some gray-eyed colleen had knit it for him. In the Argonne Forest we had to get some food. O'Connell and six men volunteered to get it. The six men were killed. O'Connell left an arm and a leg in the forest. I saw him at the Lambs' one day. He hobbled over on a crutch, saluted with his left arm, smiled as he had always smiled while in battle and said, 'I hope the Captain's wounds are not bothering him.' I don't deny that there were tears in my eyes when I gripped the hand that was left to O'Connell."

The Jewish youth that served in the war he praised with equal fervor.

A man with a grin, but one that isn't ashamed to shed a tear at another man's bravery is Ned Harrigan's son. That's the reason a young matron named her son "Bill" after him. His friends and acquaintances call him Bill, which argues for his democracy.

I said I would tell you of the one exception. The only time Bill Harrigan indulges in boasting.

It is while he talks about the glorious moment when he put America's champion pugilist out with a blow in the jaw. There were mitigating circumstances. Bill Harrigan was five years old. Jim Corbett gave him boxing lessons. He knelt to receive the blows from the five-year-old. A blow from the dimpled pink fist felled the then champion. At least the gentleman pugilist fell over sideways and had to be revived by much towel shaking by his generous foe. Bill Harrigan is fond of boxing. He has a bout every day.



The blissful harmony of
Blanche Bates and George
Creel blooms in their off-
spring



Genthe



Diana Blanche, whose eyes
search into and beyond, is
the daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. John Barrymore

Genthe



Genthe

Clare Eames, the perfect
mother, splendid actress, ideal
wife—with her lovely baby



Richard, the son of
Janet Beecher, radiates
whimsicality



Lenare

Sybil Thorndike at home with
her children. "The apples don't
fall far from the tree"



John Carson inherits the
profundity of his par-
ents, Sybil Thorndike
and Mr. Carson

Vandamm



Gloria Caruso mirrors
the joviality of her de-
ceased father and the
amiability of her mother

Genthe

STARS AND THEIR STARLINGS

Whose orbs reflect a heavenly influence



By L'Homme Qui Sait

THERE is quite apparently very little privacy in the "Le Maire's Affairs." On the contrary the RUFUS relationships are an open book (if he has any book at all). It seems that RUFUS has taken his fun where he found it, in night clubs, in legitimate theatres, in vaudeville, even the sacred Jazz-bands of the metropolis were raided to make a meat-packers' holiday in Chicago. SOPHIE TUCKER, TED LEWIS, LESTER ALLEN, NELLIE BREEN, EDGAR ALLEN WOLF are only some of the respectable names which make up the rather "loose" affairs of MR. LE MAIRE, at present successfully holding the curious amusement seekers who they say are filling the Woods Theatre even up to the last rows of summer.

AND there came a day when the Most Reverend DR. ROACH STRATON came back to the fold leading by the hand a lamb that had lost its way in the many lighted pastures of Broadway. 'Behold,' cried the shepherd, 'Let there be rejoicing for the lost is found.' Hence forward the Lord's Soldiers, ZIEGFELD and ROACH, stand guard on the morals of the metropolis. Amen."

MR. LOEW is making his State Theatre cooler than hot Broadway and the torrid weather closes five shows in one week—JOHN DREW tells a group of firemen at Great Neck that he will retire and WILLIAM J. FERGUSON, who played for LINCOLN, is here to direct a new play—JESSE LASKY is finally elected to membership in the Lambs' Club and WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., resigns—DICK BENNETT goes into vaudeville and TEX RICKARD takes a chance with the marriage vows—FAY BAINTER leaves the cast of *Sour Grapes* and ALICE BRADY will labor in the HARRIS vineyard in the fall—The RISKIN BROTHERS having produced *The Bells* and heard its chimes favorably commended are going into rehearsal with a new play—ZIEGFELD insists on long dresses for the chorus and *Sex* does an S. R. O. business—EARL CARROLL is rehearsing a new *Vanities* and an actor goes to jail for owing a hotel bill—PAUL MEYER receives fresh and French honors. He is elected prompter of the Green Room Club and received the Gold Cross of Civic Service.—S. J. KAUFMAN doesn't like Spain and MICHAEL ARLEN falls in love with a French Jewess—LONSDALE is coming back to New York and JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURT-NIEDGE sail for Italy on a holiday—GERTRUDE LAWRENCE will be in a musical show and BEATRICE LILLIE will play the films—LEE says he's "jake" and JAKE says that his next revue will be more scandalous than *Scandals*.

ENGLAND expects every play to do its moral duty. WILLIAM MORRIS, JR., just returned from Britain's shores, says the censor will not permit the *Cradle Snatchers* to be played in the King's country. The censor does not believe that a trinity of old harpies using three male children for the purpose of getting three moron husbands jealous, is either dramatic or funny. Perhaps the English sense of humor is deficient and yet again there is LONSDALE and SHAW.

MAY I confess that I never wished before that I was a sister to a twin girl, not until the McCARTHY sisters gave a party to all female twins on the stage. This desire for the benefit of all those psychological bloodhounds who take pleasure in romping about in the insides of mortals, between the Libido and Inhibitions, is normal. I am a double-fisted young man in love with the FAIRBANKS twins. The SIAMESE sisters were also invited but LENA, the one on the left, had a previous engagement so ROSE couldn't get away.

THE Yanks are coming to Broadway. MR. RICHARD HERNDON opened his revue, *Americana*, July 26, with eight "American beauties" and on August 9, *Americans All*, opened in America's leading suburb, Brooklyn. The following one-hundred-per-cent. Yanks are co-operating to make the gold eagle scream; RICHARD MIDDLEMASS,

BENJAMIN KAUSER, MADEMOISELLE MILITZA YURRIFA, AL KOFFMAN, LEW BRICE, MORIE RYSKIND, PHIL CHARIG, LARRY CEBALLOS, ALLAN DINEHART.

NOW that the soul of COUE has taken flight and it is sincerely hoped that day by day in every way he is getting nearer and nearer the gates of Heaven, it may be apropos to relate what I think is the best of the million paraphrasings of the distinguished chemist's formula for well-being. It is IVAN SIMPSON'S remark to MR. ARLISS when he found his part depleted each day by the star: "Day by day in every way this is becoming more a monologue and less a play."

THE old order changeth giving place to the new." While two healthy gladiators smote each other with iron fists for the boxing supremacy of the nation, two old men heroes of other days, a little bent and gray, patted each other on the back and face at a four-shows-a-day moving picture house. Do you remember a broad-chested boxer called SHARKEY or a boiler maker JAMES J. JEFFRIES? Hail the conquering hero comes—DELANEY.

JACK DELANEY, who beat BERLENBACH in what was a great ring battle, is going into the more gentle and less barbaric business of entertaining the *masse mensch*. AL LEWIS has signed the champion for vaudeville and soon we shall see a bashful, inarticulate gladiator trying to lick the hard-boiled gentlemen who attend the afternoon performances at MR. ALBEE'S Palace.

THE BROWN brothers, LYMAN and CHAMBERLAIN, have gone in for producing. Good. Now they will know what it is to have a four-foot actor apply for the giant part in *Jack-the-Giant-Killer* or a woman as old as the excellent MRS. WIFFEN offer herself for the ingénue rôle with full confidence that she can play convincingly the great seduction scene in the second act. The BROWNS have taken *A Youth's Companion* to Asbury Park.

OWEN DAVIS, manufacturer of ready-to-go plays, has just finished his one hundred and seventh opus. I can remember what a great thrill I got seeing *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* succeed in maintaining her virtue in spite of her poverty. It taught me the power of virtue and the virtue of poverty, for in the end Nellie marries AL WOODS and AL tries to live decently forever after. Them or these or those or anyhow that were the happy days.

IT was both fitting and proper that the Lambs who needed immersing in the sacred blood of the lamb should be baptized on the estates of JOHN GOLDEN, chief exponent of the pure but paying plays. The latest Broadway motto, Model 1927, "In Purity there is Gelt."

SAM WALLACH, producer of *The Deacon*, a substantial hit last year, is producing a play with JOHN GOLDEN, and CHARLES K. GORDON has engaged WILLIAM CAREY DUNCAN and IRVING CÆSAR to supply a play for the talents of JACK HAZZARD. GEORGE and IRA GERSHWIN are working on a new AARONS and FREEDLEY play for fall production. SAM SHIPMAN has sold RICHARD HERNDON a play and MANDEL and SCHWAB have also received a shipment of SAM'S literary endeavors and intend to retail it to the public early in September. BEN KAYE, attorney at law and when not at the bar, author of skits and lyrics, for the *Garrick Gaieties* has sold the RISKIN boys a play, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, which goes into rehearsal immediately. JONES and GREEN will commence casting for the new *Greenwich Village Follies* in August. MARC CONNELLY and THOMAS MITCHELL have purchased the rights to *The Wisdom Tooth* and will take the show on the road in the fall. FRANK L. TELLER will produce a musical comedy *The Song Bird*.

SCREENLAND

Edited by SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

An amber hue envelops the classic beauty of Alma Rubens, framing the ethereal quality emanating from the sensitive curves of her features. In *Marriage License*, a Fox Film production, written by Bradley King, this understanding star illuminates so inimitably the rôle of Mother



Albin



Edwin Thayer Monroe

Charmingly vivacious Laura La Plante, the beautiful Universal star, was selected by Edgar Selwyn as the best reason why *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Carl Laemmle so heartily agrees with the stage producer that he would not release Miss La Plante from her picture contract for *Butterflies in the Rain*, proving conclusively that "Gentlemen do Prefer Blondes"

SCREEN BEAUTY THAT NEEDS NO SCREENING

When piloted by capable acting speedily arrives at Stardom

REEL - ISMS

WHEN Dr. Marcel Knecht, French industrial expert and publisher, under the especial patronage of Ambassador Henri Berenger of France, invited the press and other guests to the private showing of Universal's *Les Misérables*, Victor Hugo's immortal classic, he never dreamed that the thermometer also enthusiastically rose to great heights. Nor did he hear what I heard. One of the stars sitting close by said *Les Misérables* are splendid—but this here (pointing to herself) "Misérable" is truly wretched.

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS are most grateful for their screen achievement, now, especially. They are in Europe, in strange lands, where pantomime is internationally intelligible. Exactly as though they were on the screen, they say nothing, but are recognized and understood all over the world. Pantomimic linguists.

THIS is the first time that "Uncle Tom" will not have to use grease-paint for local color. Charles Gilpin, the splendid actor who starred in Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* and *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, has signed a contract with Universal to play in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

THERE are tricks even in every art. To facilitate casting players into various rôles for the *King of Kings*, a pictorial version of the life of Christ, Cecil De Mille has asked Dan Sayre Groesbeck to visualize through his pen-sketches the various characters in the production. Cecil De Mille, who has been an earnest Bible student since boyhood, always dreamed of Christ as a great, lovable and dramatic Human Being rather than a Divine Spirit—and it is his aspiration to produce this conception.

STUDIES IN WIVES, followed by *His New York Wife*, is going to be produced by J. G. Bachmann, of Preferred Pictures, and directed by Dr. Alexander Arkatov. But the production units have been moved from New York to Los Angeles. No wonder. Who wouldn't run, after tackling two such studies?

BEFORE the actual shooting of the film *Barbara Worth*, in Nevada, Director King called the Goldwyn Players together to say that they must get over the idea of heat, cruel, killing, destructive heat, that every horse must be shown dripping wet with perspiration, every automobile must boil, every man and woman, etc. Right here Ronald Colman, who is co-starring with Vilma Banky, interrupted the director: "We are sure to get the desired effect. Why, yesterday I cracked an egg on

my hand and held it out in the sun one minute—and the egg fried."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO doffs the robe of sheik to don the equally colorful one of Italian lover, artist and author woven around Benvenuto Cellini. Mme. Fred de Gresac, an authority on the life and loves (and there were many) of Cellini, has been assigned to write the story and scenario for the United Artists.



Dolores Del Rio, Mexican beauty, now playing Charmaine in Fox's *What Price Glory*—is the reason for rivalry between Captain Flagg and Top Sergeant Quirt. Our only wonder is why the whole regiment aren't rivals

A "HOBBY" is the first sign of a healthy nature, a scientist once said. Norma Talmadge's latest is interior decorating. She has suggested many of the femininely charming bits of furniture, pillows and flowery adornments seen in her next production, *The Sun of Montmartre*, a First National picture.

E. A. DUPONT'S first American production for Universal, featuring Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry, was titled *Love Me and the World Is Mine*. The executives of the company wired Mr. Dupont: "Cut out 'And the World Is Mine.'" Love may be blind—but even blindness has been known to be cured.

POLA NEGRI heads a "League of Nations" for her new Paramount starring picture *Hotel Imperial*, with the following representatives: Erich Pommer, supervisor, German; Maurice Stiller, director, Swedish; Alexis Davidoff, military technical adviser, Russian—she, Pola, Polish—and, of course, Americans predominating.

IF you have any old clothes or other family relics that have been haunting you for the last few years—send them to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They're staging two spectacular fires for *The Fire Brigade*, Charles Ray, Lionel Barrymore, Tom O'Brien, Eugenie Besserer, Warner P. Richmond, Bert Woodruff, Vivia Ogden, DeWitt Jennings, Dan Mason and others are members of the brigade. Fiery flames, that's certain!

MERTON OF THE MOVIES meaning, most certainly, Glenn Hunter, that effervescent youth whom we saw on the stage as a movie star—is one of the big figures in *The Romance of a Million Dollars*, a Preferred picture.

LON CHANEY is famous for being able to put on most any face—but this time he puts out an eye. In *The Road to Mandalay*, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, he accomplishes this illusion by applying a certain chemical to the left eyeball, every day that he played. That chemical formed a film over it, giving the effect of a cataract. This stunt is both painful and harmful and so Lon Chaney was only able to retain this for an hour at a time.

AUTOMOBILISTS, be polite to the fellow whose car you bump into. You can never tell who he'll turn out to be. Rather recently there was a crash in Hollywood. Two automobiles with dented fenders and irate drivers. An exchange of license numbers and cards—and suddenly smiles. Louis Natheaux, De Mille leading man, and Ward Crane, well-known film actor, were both hurrying to the studio to begin their first day's work supporting

Vera Reynolds in *Risky Business*, when they "ran into each other."

DID you know that Gardner James, who is co-starring with Richard Barthelmess in *The Amateur Gentleman*, arrived in Hollywood as a coal hand on a vessel from New York just one year ago to-day? He was chosen from among 200 applicants to play the juvenile character of "Lord Rollo"—and since then this whimsical Irish lad has been "rollin'" along so smoothly that Inspiration Pictures have signed him up for five years.

JOHNN BARRYMORE is satisfying a lifelong ambition, he secretly told his friends in portraying *The Vagabond Lover*, Barrymore's first production for United Artists. It is a film based on the life of François Villon, than whom there was no more charmingly vagabondish poet. Allan Crosland, the twenty-nine-year-old director, is the same one who recently chaperoned Don Juan in his screen début.

(Continued on page 64)

Satan's right-hand woman, Lya de Putti, the Hungarian sensational actress, scores a few sorrows with our diabolical friend through her skilful vamping. This is Miss de Putti's American screen debut



Garden fête scene in D. W. Griffith's Paramount film version of *The Sorrows of Satan*. Although the picture will contain spectacular scenes of Heaven and Hell, it is a modern story in which Menjou as Satan plays the rôle of a wealthy sophisticated prince. This is an early Fall release, with Carol Dempster as heroine



Ricardo Cortez (shhhh, the husband of *Alma Rubens*) plays Geoffrey Tempest, the novelist hero, whose Spanish blood warms the very cockles of one's heart

A SATAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES

Produced on a stupendous and lavish scale by Paramount



FENCING
Leatrice Joy—which is more
deadly—the heart or the saber?



HIGH JUMPING
Ramon Novarro away from the
studio, "at rest"



TENNIS
King Vidor directs "drives" as well as
Big Parades



WATER-CYCLING
Antonio Moreno,
star of *Mare No-
strum (Our Sea)*
rides over the
waves as though it
were "his sea"



GOLF
Jackie Coogan raises an awful dust trying
to get out of a bad "lie"



ARCHERY
John Gilbert, de-
spite the millions of
fair hearts he has
penetrated, strives to
perfect the art.
Ladies, beware!



DIVING
Norma Shearer, after she had
Broken Barriers, that limited
her recreational period



BROAD-JUMP TENNIS
If Charles Ray, Hollywood
"champ," can't swat the ball in
his court—the other fellow's
will do

FROM CALCIUM LIGHT TO SUNLIGHT

Film stars at work or at play are always in moving pictures

Under the Film of Vamp

"BUT Miss Pringle's husband is in Jamaica, West Indies—he has the passport—"

"Book passage on the —, for to-morrow, subject to cancellation at five this afternoon—"

"Oh, hello, hel-lo—" Part of the static, opening in on Aileen Pringle's apartment in New York.

One person was telephoning to the British Embassy. (You know, her husband is Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, former Governor of Jamaica.) Another person was telephoning to the steamship company. Someone was opening a door. Shutting a door. Cigarettes were being lit. Papers pulled out from drawers—all because ten minutes ago Aileen Pringle decided to sail for Europe the next day.

Touched by the disappointment that poured from the screen star, I asked whether it was urgent that she leave to-morrow. "Most," she retorted, "because I like the people sailing to-morrow better than those I know who are going Monday." Urgent enough!

For one who is called upon to accomplish so much in *Three Weeks*, little wonder she was not ruffled over securing passport, passage, trunks, *mal de mer* preventatives and various other sundries in a whole day's notice. With one of her decisively calm gestures, she closed the door, shutting out all worry and her frenzied aides.

"Now we can have a quiet little chat," she composedly said, adding a colorful touch to the corner of the couch in which she reposed. "I'm so glad that the THEATRE MAGAZINE is including the screen—because all of us picture folk

are terribly anxious to convince your type of reader that moving pictures are not what they think they are. Those very people, if they read an author whom they like, when his next book appears, say: 'Another book by Heiser—oh! I must get it.'"

Her tone disarmed me. Is there a serious thinker beneath the film of every "vamp"?



Aileen Pringle, a screen vamp, at home

"No intelligent reader will take hold of a book," she went on, "because it happens to be one that is comfortable to hold, turn to the middle, read for about an hour, and then drop the book, because he thinks the plot is disconnected. But that's exactly what the intelligent reader does with the movie book. He says: 'We've an

hour to spend; the Tompkins is a nice theatre, let's go there.' Entering the place with the air of the Plaza chef in an automat, he looks at the movie for a while. Knows nothing about it. Wouldn't think of wanting to. 'Those who are' don't. Goes out. Hires a soap-box for himself and bellows against the stupidity of the movie.

"I know just what the pseudo highbrow's attitude is toward the movies. Recently a little, shriveled newspaper woman asked me: whether I didn't really get a thrill from a certain leading man on the screen, and wouldn't I confess whom I cared for most. 'No, none, nothing, n-e-e-e-r,' I stormed and turned away.

"You think our stories are often inane. Do you realize that each hole-in-the-wall of a city has its pet censorious 'don't,' and that each one has to be observed in the making of a picture? By the time we assemble all the 'don'ts,' there's no room left for a single 'do.' Imagine where the legitimate stage would be if that were applicable to it!

The grave tone and interest with which Aileen Pringle spoke suggested her power to convince—to lead—and I asked her whether she had ever thought of directing.

"Have I? I should love to be a director—but just like every other field that has opened to women—there are many 'Keep off the grass' signs."

One of the elements of excitement behind the closed door broke loose.

"Say, Aileen, you've got ten minutes to get to the British Consulate. Can you make it?"

In dressing gown and slippers, with perfect ease and "laissez-faire," Aileen Pringle replied: "Certainly, why not?"

Before Richard Barthelmess "Grew Up"



"Aw, I ain' a-skeered uv snakes"

CORONATIONS take place every time a son is born—rarely followed by a dethronement. Nevertheless, Mrs. Caroline Harris Barthelmess rather stunned me by revealing one of Richard's "naughty ones."

"My husband died two days after 'Dicks'—(that's my *nom d'amour* for him) was born, and so you can readily understand that my motherhood became an obsession. Fearing that it would interfere with my discipline over 'Dicks' I pulled myself up by my bootstraps and perhaps was more rigid than the ordinary mother.

"One day, when 'Dicks' was quite a youngster, I went out to do some Christmas shopping and left him home with the maid. She did something that provoked 'Dicks,' and he immediately registered his annoyance with *very* expressive booty action. On my return, I was told of the incident, took the maid to a doctor—more to frighten 'Dicks' than for the seriousness of the bruise—and had him sit right next to the doctor while he examined the maid's 'untouched'

ankle. (Of course I had previously prompted the physician to make his diagnosis sound most alarming.) 'Dicks' fairly shook with remorse. We went home. I took the Christmas tree I had bought him and gave it to the washer-woman. Christmas Eve, as was the custom, 'Dicks' hung up his stocking. The next morning he eagerly ran over to it. Hurriedly emptied it. There were a little, cheap umbrella and a broken pencil caught in the heel. 'Dicks' regarded these for a few seconds and then enthusiastically: 'Thanks, Mother, just exactly what I wanted.'"

Mrs. Barthelmess didn't know that I detected the trail of a repentant tear when she finished this little episode.

"'Dicks' loved alligators and turtles—and, of course, he had one of each. It was a frightfully stormy day. 'Dicks' was not to be found. Suddenly I heard pattering on the roof. Ran up to see who it was. There was 'Dicks' dragging the alligator through the course of the rain stream—and as I approached—lightly dropped it into the outlet pipe."

Mrs. Barthelmess softly reminisced: "Despite these boyish pranks, he was always a gallant little gentleman—he really enjoyed bowing and bending, pardoning and excusing, hat-raising and curtsying. He often brought me a little bunch of flowers, saying: 'For your hair, mother.' Perhaps it was the awakening of the actor in him," she reflected.

"When 'Dicks' was ten, I had to send him to the Hudson River Military School, because stock-company engagements necessitated my leaving town quite often. From there he went to Trinity College, where he later became president of a dramatic club, 'The Jesters,' and during his junior-year vacation, in 1916, made his debut on the screen in *War Brides* with Nazimova. And now, well—"

Mrs. Barthelmess' maternal pride dropped its veil.

"Yes," she visualized, "I remember playing piggy-back ('Dicks' was then about the age of Mary Hay, my grandchild), when he suddenly said 'Whoa-up! Now, take your wish, Mother—what would you like to be when you grow up? A grandmother,' I said, 'but guess I'm still a little too young.'"

Touching her queenly white hair (and handing me this photo), she added: "Not too young now, am I?"

(Con. on page 64)



"Daddy" Dick and daughter



Reunion of old friends. Irene Bordonì took Rose Mints to have tea with "Mickie" Neilan



Pity to separate these two sisters! Lillian Gish in Hollywood and Dorothy in England—but both firmly attached to filmdom



"A 1939 MODEL LIMOUSINE"

King Vidor (on the high chair) permits a cameraman to reveal how he got one of the unusual "shots" for *Bardelys the Magnificent*. For the benefit of the THEATRE MAGAZINE readers (and its friends), Arthur Lubin and John Gilbert (right) are now riding in a seventeenth-century equipage

Antonio Moreno insists there are no wild beasts to soothe, but that atmospheric music in emotional scenes are most stimulating. The instrument, developed by Gen Gory, is a cross between a violin and a saxophone, giving the violin a richer and fuller tone



Raquel Meller, Spanish song bird, spent a day with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, Goldwyn stars. Raquel Meller, preparing to forsake the song and display her attractive plumage to the movie camera, is getting acquainted with her new neighbors

CLOSE-UPS AND INSIDE BITS

of luminaries whose warm rays strike the entire world

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



Neal Nyland as Captain Edstaston and Robert Henderson as Prince Patiomkin in Shaw's racy travesty, *Great Catherine*, at the University of Michigan



A first production in America of that archaic farce, Holberg's *Beggarman* (*Jeppe of the Hill*), translated by Professor Campbell of the English Department of the U. of M. Amy Loomis is shown as Nille, Robert Henderson as Jeppe and Kenneth King in the rôle of the Innkeeper

Below: *Engaged*, the Gilbert satire of the mauve decade, with an all-men cast adding to the humor of the thing, made up as Victorian females. Philip Collins as Minnie Aymerson, Robert Henderson as Belinda Trehune and James Martin as Belvawney

THE PLAYERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

To many who are accustomed to thinking of dramatics at the University of Michigan only in terms of the Annual Union Opera, it will come as a distinct surprise to learn that a résumé of the past season on the Ann Arbor campus reveals a repertoire of dramatic productions that is not alone significant but unique as well. The list includes Gilbert's *Engaged*, Sierra's *The Cradle Song*, Shaw's *Great Catherine*, *Androcles and the Lion* and *You Never Can Tell*, Holberg's *Beggarman*, Jesse Lynch Williams' *Why Marry?* and O'Neill's *S. S. Glencairn*—fifty performances in all, with 13,000 paid admissions (omitting *S. S. Glencairn*) at the Mimes Theatre, to say nothing of the attendance on tour!





This set, designed by Henry A. Barker, is a historical reproduction of Providence in 1762, when an unwilling sheriff was forced by the bigots of the town to read a bill prohibiting stage plays. The occasion for their wrath was the appearance of David Douglas and his English players, who were barnstorming in James Percival's cow stable (*at the left*), thus giving it the distinction of having been the first theatre in North America

The Providence Players

A Pioneer Group with a Theatrical Heritage of Unusual Interest

By ROLAND HOLT

PROVIDENCE, R. I., is proud of her Players, and the magazine issued by her Chamber of Commerce frequently contains illustrated articles on their work. The Players might be said, as the successors of The Talma Club of that place, in this year of 1926 to be rounding out forty years of beneficent unpaid service to their city.

Before coming to The Players, however, it is very interesting to look back over that picturesque theatrical past of Providence, of which they are the heirs, both spiritually and in some of the objects that still adorn their stage materially. In 1762, but seventeen years after the American Theatre started in Jamaica in 1745, a certain David Douglas brought his players from London to Providence, where they were forced to literally become barnstormers. The cow barn which housed them was threatened and an old cannon brought out by their admirers for their defense, but not used. The bigots raged, and after a single performance of *The Provoked Husband*, the sheriff, himself a theatre-lover, reluctantly read an order of the Assembly prohibiting all stage plays. The first act of the drama in Providence was over, and the curtain did not rise again in that old town for thirty years. In 1914, at the celebration of Brown University's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, Henry A. Barker most ingeniously staged a reproduction of the night of that forbidden play in two scenes. One showed the village street in 1762,

with the distant sea. On one side was that old cow barn, the first real theatre in New England and proudly named "Douglas' Histrionic Academy." The next scene showed the play within on that historic night, with the early actors and their audience, and again the reluctant sheriff read the fatal order.

IN 1859 The Providence Dramatic Society, like The Players of to-day, played in an armory, giving *Richelieu*, but they were an early casualty in the Civil War. They were followed in the late 70's by The Amateur Dramatic Club.

In 1886 came The Talma Club. It was named after the famous French actor, who was one of the first to insist on that thorough mounting of a play which has been a feature of the productions both of The Talmas and The Players who succeeded them. As The Vagabonds of Baltimore were organized from participants in the William of Stratford Shakespearian Pageant, so The Talma Club sprang from a Columbus pageant. Both William Gillette and A. E. Thomas wrote for this new group, whose productions further included Henry J. Byron's *A Weak Woman* (a title being used to-day for a current New York farce), which they opened with *Our Boys*, *King Rene's Daughter*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Home*, *Editha's Burglar*, *The Jacobites* and several of Shakespeare's plays.

New York's Amateur Comedy Club was founded in 1885, The Hull House

Players in Chicago (founded 1900) calls itself "the oldest little theatre in the United States" and rightly, as The Amateur Comedy Club had no theatre of its own. The Providence Players as such were not chartered till 1909, but in a sense began with their direct predecessor, The Talma Club, in 1886 (as we might say that the Theatre Guild in New York began in the Washington Square Players in 1915). They are one of our few pioneer Little Theatres before 1911, which is generally considered the beginning of The Little Theatre Movement.

Henry A. Barker, of The Talmas, who for forty years has not missed a dress-rehearsal of either The Talmas or The Players, became the guiding power in the new Players. At one time he and Wilmot A. Brownell (then a cub reporter on the *Evening Telegram*) were the only members of The Talma Club, but they kept right on making scenery and properties, which still are Mr. Barker's specialties.

IN 1909, when The Players succeeded The Talma Club, they started their career with Henry Arthur Jones in *The Liars*. Their club book and supplements list more than a hundred different plays, given by them in fifteen years. In addition to these, they have put on in the last two seasons over a dozen one-act studio plays, in which to try out their younger players. Since they started, they also staged three comic operas and expect to do

The Yeomen of the Guard this season. Among their more important plays have been Shaw's *Arms and the Man*, *Candida*, *The Great Catharine*, *How He Lied to Her Husband* and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado About Nothing* (the latter given November 18 and 19, 1925), *The Marriage of Wyt and Syence* (a miracle play), Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Sheridan's *Rivals* and *School for Scandal* and Galsworthy's *Joy*. Other British authors performed include Synge, Barrie (3 plays); W. S. Gilbert, Masefield, Wilde (2); Hy. A. Jones (4); Pinero (2); Louis N. Parker (2); Housman and Barker, Bessier, Milne (5); Hankin and Dunsany (2), etc.

Continental authors are only represented by Capek's *R. U. R.*, Echegaray's *The World and His Wife* and one-act plays by Benavente, Maeterlinck and Sudermann.

AMERICA is represented by Augustus Thomas' *The Witching Hour*, A. E. Thomas' *Her Husband's Wife* and *The Rainbow*, Fitch's *The Truth*, Sutherland and Dix's *The Road to Yesterday*, Salisbury Field's *Wedding Bells*, Tarkington's *Fourteen* and *Intimate Strangers*, Rachel Crother's *He and She*, and others by R. H. Davis, Zona Gale, Susan Glaspell, George Kelly, Kenyon, Clare Kummer, Middleton, Nirdlinger, Oppenheim, Austen Strong (2), Stuart Walker, etc.

THERE is much of excellence in the above repertory, but the conspicuous feature of The Providence Players is their remarkably thorough and often beautiful scenery and costumes, designed and collected by Henry A. Barker, assisted of recent years by his talented lieutenant, Mr. Spranger. They are stored in two lofts of Infantry Hall, above the auditorium.

where The Players give five productions (for two nights each) every season. The stage equipment has been accumulating since 1887. It includes nearly 10,000 catalogued items, and the space occupied is nearly 17,000 square feet. One of the treasures is the original door, with its frame, from the house of one of the principal bigots who drove out the first players in 1762. He must turn in his "narrow cell" if he can realize that his door is now appearing in the "stage plays" he hated. There are also old "properties" saved from Revolutionary times. Mr. Barker is a stickler for accuracy. There are lovely colonial fireplaces and balustrades in his large storehouse. In 1912 they used again for *She Stoops to Conquer* the very sets he had designed for The Talma Club over a score of years before. While interiors vastly predominate in The Players' scenery (they are partial to plays demanding but a single scene), Mr. Barker never shirks an outdoor set. He has some remarkably fine foliage borders, rounded tree trunks and lovely, far-reaching panoramas, notably the one, with infinite detail of the Providence of 1862, used in the anniversary performance, and a contrasting view of the city of to-day, seen from a skyscraper-office window. Scene after scene, rolled on long poles, rests on the racks. They have space to stage two full sets for inspection in their lofts, in addition to a third on the stage of their regular auditorium. In fact, they rig up a second auditorium for their short studio plays on the floor of the lower loft.

THE club is limited to 600, but has 100 women and 70 men available as actors, many of them as scene painters as well, while their master scenic artist, Henry A. Barker, and his wife are both accomplished actors. She admirably acquitted herself as Hero in their recent production of *Much*

Ado About Nothing, in which Professor Crosby of Brown University shone as Benedick and Mrs. Orr as Beatrice. Mr. Spranger, with the scenery and Mrs. Regan and her committees with the costumes, gave the comedy a beautiful mounting, largely in pastel shades. Most of the action was placed in an old garden in Messina, in which a fountain continuously flowed. Mellow stucco walls surrounded it, while through their arches one got a glimpse of a low hillside with pointed poplars. Later these same walls, ingeniously masked, served equally well for interiors, respectively, of a chapel and a guardhouse. Other productions given by The Players this season have been Barrie's beautiful, wistful *Dear Brutus*, T. W. Robertson's *Caste* and George Kelly's *The Torch-bearers*.

MUCH as The Players deserve of Providence, they have been in a sense homeless, since with a farewell performance of Sudermann's *Faraway Princess* in 1916, they left their old home in The Talma Theatre, which had been purchased by The Providence Boys' Club. It had, however, been long inadequate as a theatre. Now about five times a year, at one end of Infantry Hall, The Players set up their stage. Before it they rig a pink-painted proscenium, with wide wings running off on either side to screen players and moving scenery. Their stage is consciously screened in the style of an earlier century. The whole auditorium is confessedly a makeshift, and the zealous helpers get it, stage and all, in working order in about forty-eight hours. But this Spring there will be no roof over the heads of The Players, for a thousand gasoline devil wagons will turn them out of Infantry Hall and make it into a garage, and there (Continued on page 62)



INSIDE THE FIRST THEATRE IN NORTH AMERICA

A stage within a stage—a faithful reproduction of the theatre in Percival's cow barn on that August evening in 1762, when David Douglas and his English players appeared there. The production was designed by Henry A. Barker for the Sesquicentennial of Brown University. The play within the play was Colley Cibber's *Provoked Husband*

Fashion

AS INTRODUCED BY
THE WOMEN OF THE
STAGE AND SCREEN

*These two original designs from
Bergdorf & Goodman*



An exquisite *écru* lace frock in two-piece effect that may be worn for afternoon or evening—the long, molded bodice and flaring skirt are finished with a scalloped edge

Photographs—Strauss Peyton

A luxuriously simple frock of white satin and chiffon is given a color note by its corsage of vivid purple. The evening coat of silver cloth with wide collar panel extending to the hemline introduces brocaded panels at the back





The deep bell cuffs, collar and facing are Chataigne d'or Seal, matching exactly Rodier's cloth of Norman Brown novelty weave with damask effect

Striking features are the flaring collar with deep point down the back and deep pointed cuffs of Japanese Mink



Posed by Edith Meiser of the Garrick Gaeties, for GUNTHER



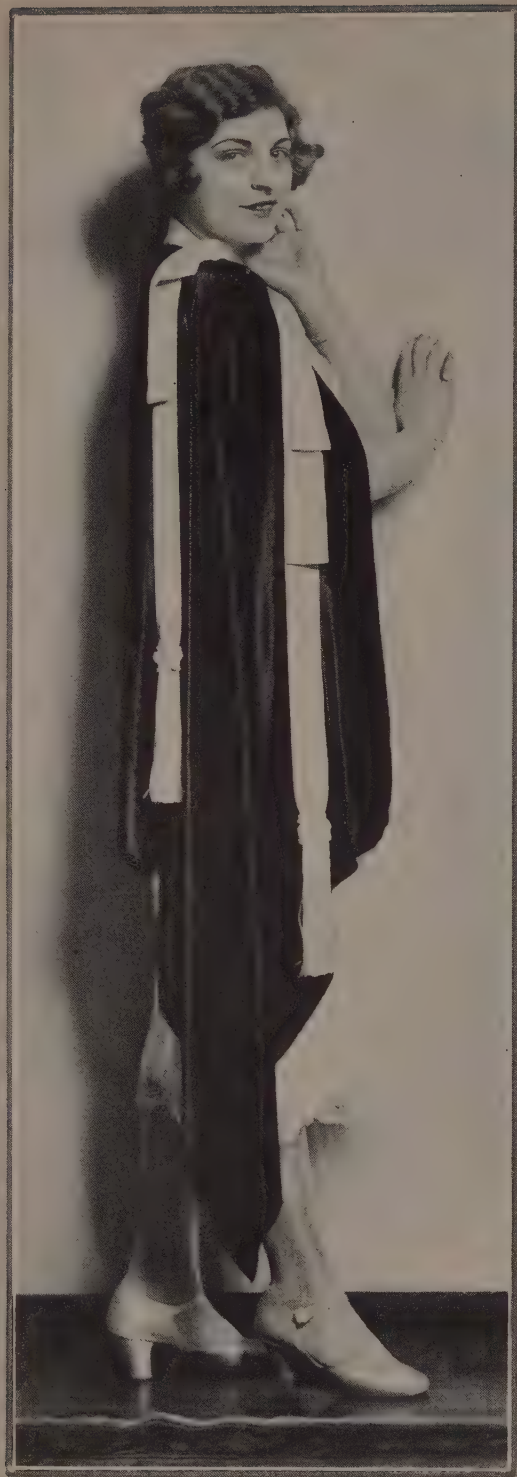
A coat of Rodier's jaffi grey sport wool with gracefully cut pockets—dyed brown Ringtail turnover collar and cuffs



A severely tailored straight line model in Bordeaux Ombre English tweed. Dyed Kolin-fitch collar

Rodier's Alaskan sport wool in blue, grey, red and white—Skunk collar





Georgia Ingram, premier dancet of J. P. McEvoy's *Americana*, in a delightful black chiffon velvet wrap, which hangs in graceful folds to a point which drops below the skirt from the right shoulder. The collar and looped throw are of white grosgrain ribbon, finished at the ends with fringed tassel. From Henri Bendel

Large hats have come to stay. Miss Marion Cookley is shown wearing a black taffeta hat, faced with pale pink crêpe de Chine. A rhinestone pin is pierced through a chic bow at the side



Hats from Gage Bros.

Miss Judith Anderson, in a pensive mood, also adapts the large hat. Black satin, with a narrow silver and black feather, make the trimming around the crown





Miss Louise Brown, one of the stars of Mr. Ziegfeld's new review, in a charming white georgette dancing frock, with ostrich trimming. The sandals are of checked woven brocade, from Delman

Photos Irving Chidnoy

Florence Reed, star of the *Shanghai Gesture*, originated this gown and hat. The idea was adapted from the atmosphere of the play. Powder-blue georgette over apple green and pleated gives the skirt a soft mauve effect. The coat is the same combination of colors, cut like a Chinese mandarin and fastened with a jade button. An amusing hat of yellow Bangkok, piped in yellow ribbon, with twelve Chinese philosophers on a blue background around the crown

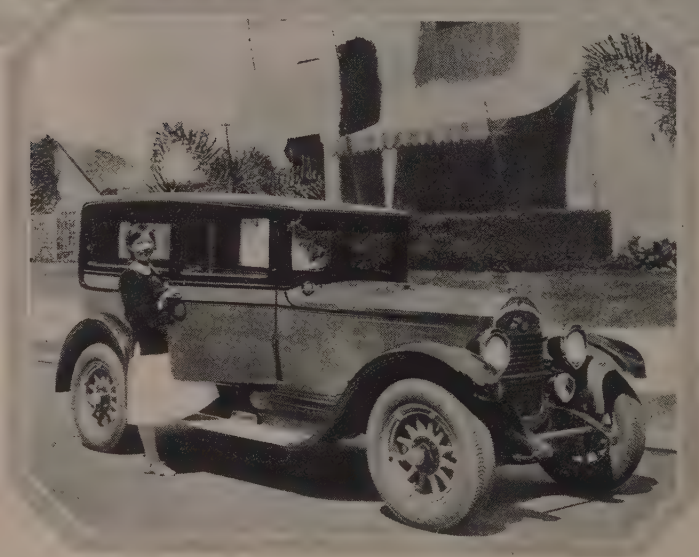


"Talk about speed! The wheels of the movie camera don't begin to compete with the Chrysler Imperial '80.' And Louis Chevrolet, this racing veteran, surely did convince me," was Johnny Hines' frank blurt after he had returned from a spin in this rigidly constructed car, "that the Chrysler is built for comfort and for speed"



GENTLEMEN, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

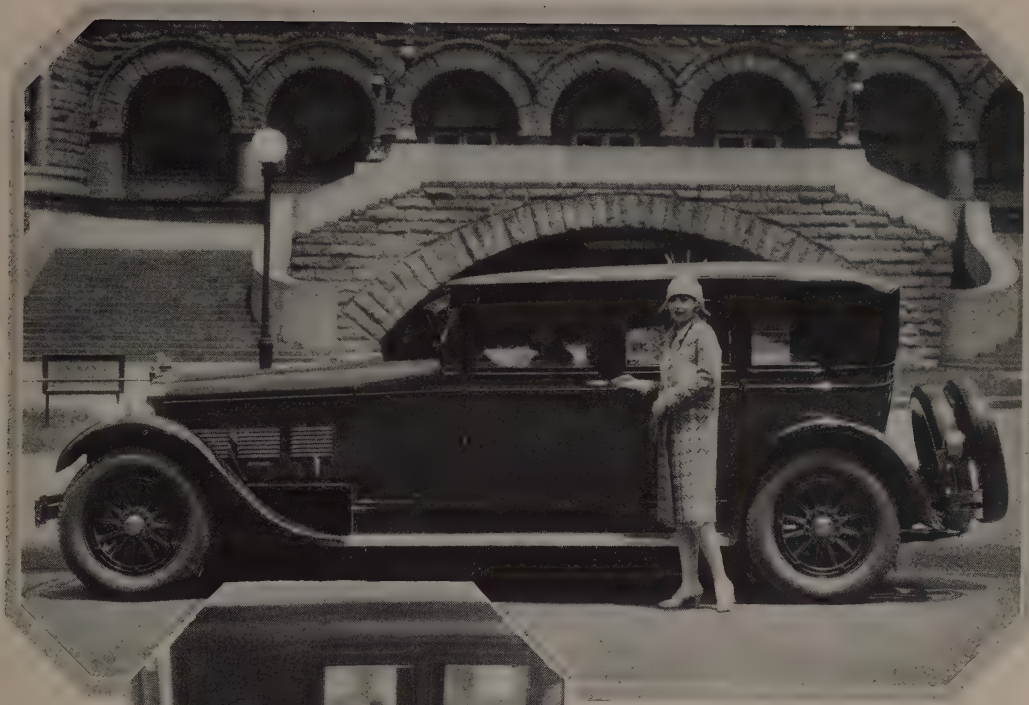
Sixty-nine women qualified for the finals in this driving test, which was conducted by the Denver Police Department and James Nash Motors Company. Pretty difficult courses laid out between rows of ten-pins—that didn't phase the level-headed seventeen-year-old girl who won the perfect score of 100 per cent. All ye husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts, please copy



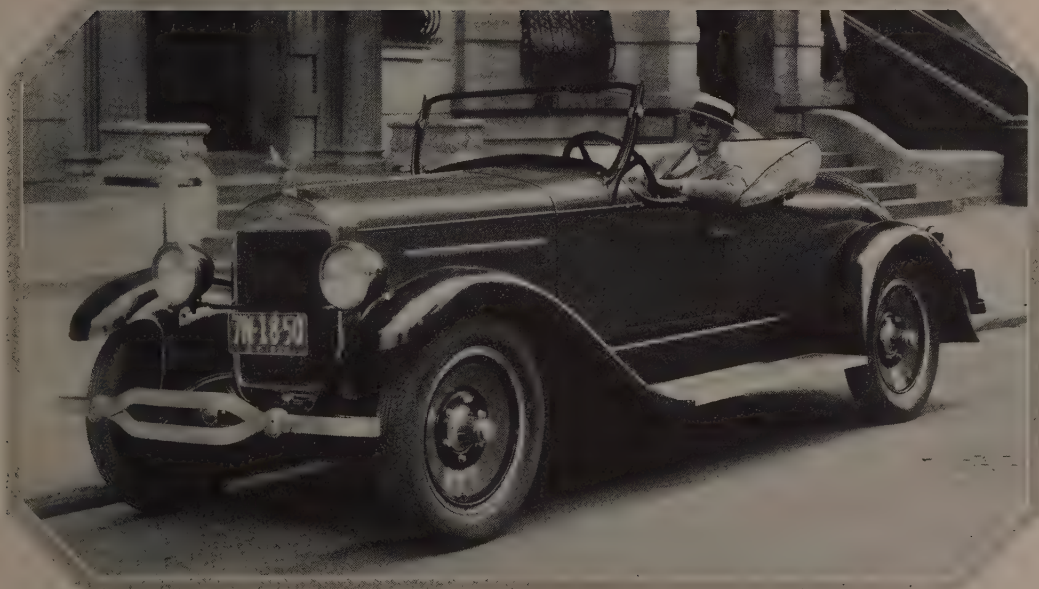
An internationally endorsed car—used internationally. Anna May Wong, Chinese film star in Hollywood, admits that she's having fun each time she enters her new Willys-Knight great six sedan. "The salesman told me it was on account of the sleeve-valve engine—but I insist it is on account of the car," the screen player confessed

THE CHOICE OF A CAR

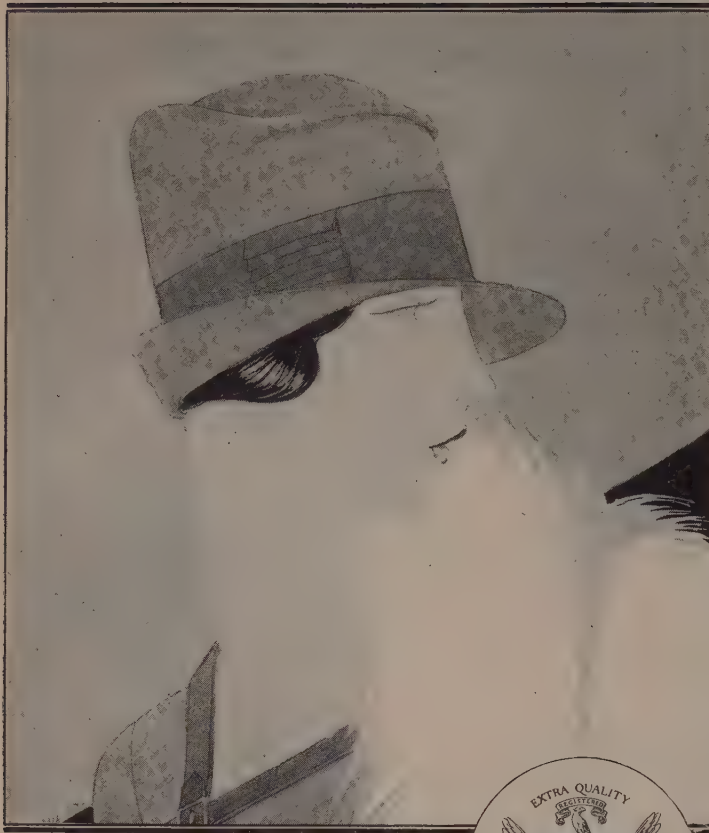
Is a mirror reflecting one's inner self—be careful!



Even as long a run as *The Cocoanuts*, through hot days and sultry ones, is thoroughly relieved by a short run in her Stutz eight-cylinder car, Bonnie Murray convinced us. Its custom body, built by Le Baron, is as beautiful as it is commodious. At the invitation of Bonnie Murray—peek inside. Notice the foot-rest and unique chair?



Allen B. Kearns ran on his "Tiptoes" recently to get a glimpse of the overhead valve and camshaft in his Wills-Sainte Claire roadster. He was not so much interested in the mechanical side of the car, but he wanted to know where the reason lay for his having run thousands of miles without necessitating adjustments



This new hat for Autumn comes in a luxurious lightweight felt and in all the approved colors for the new season, Buff, Jungle Green, Burgundy, Russet Brown, Black and Navy. \$18

A NEW tailored hat that speaks for its own smartness and confirms its assertions with—

the label of KNOX.

KNOX
THE HATTER

NEW YORK

FIFTH AVENUE at 40th Street
ROOSEVELT HOTEL (Madison at 45th)
161 BROADWAY (Singer Bldg.)
WALDORF-ASTORIA (34th St. at 5th Ave.)
SAN FRANCISCO (51 Grant Avenue)

KINGSLAND: But I'm going to cure her. God—that wonderful girl—having to endure—forced to—

FLINT: You're rubbing it in.

KINGSLAND: I ought to slit your hide and rub it in with salt and vinegar, so you would never forget.

FLINT: I'll never forget. Doc, she mustn't know I'm her father.

KINGSLAND: I should say not. *(Of a sudden Flint slumps in chair. Kingsland looks him over.)* You need a stimulant. *(Exits.)*

* * * * *

TWO days later. Gregg is again at liberty. Zoombie reports one afternoon to Flint that the blacks are again gathering and are carrying green snakes to their pow-wow ground, a bad sign.

ZOOMBIE: Big bad. Deathsign. They say you make big false ju-ju, and not Zijeepahkih what walk from yuh house.

FLINT: I'll show the black brutes.

ZOOMBIE: You mus' gib up white woman to save yuh life.

FLINT: I'll take care of myself and the white girl too. Keep two eyes on Gregg.

ZOOMBIE: This I do all time. Gregg now got much nerves.

FLINT: That's a good sign. We're beginning to get his goat.

Kingsland comes in to confirm Zoombie's report about the blacks, and Flint realizes that only heroic measures will save Annie now.

FLINT: If you two youngsters want to live, you've got to get out of this place damned quick. Girl, if you stay, sooner or later the blacks will get you and throw you to the leeches. There's only one unguarded outlet for you two. Appoocoo, straight through Poison Swamp.

KINGSLAND: Good God, man!

FLINT: One chance, life or death. Fuzzy is the only human ever known to make it. The odds are a thousand to one against it, but I'll have him lead you through, if you've got the courage to try it. *(To Annie.)* Have you the courage to undertake the most fearful ordeal a woman ever faced? Ten days, mostly through disease, poisonous insects and reptiles. It's ten days of hell. Have you the courage to start that journey?

ANNIE *(takes Kingsland's hand)*: Yes. FLINT: Now, listen, if you get through, put this *(hands Kingsland the fetish from around his neck)* in Fuzzy's neck pouch. If it's not there when he returns, I'll know that the swamp got you. It will give you safety beyond the swamp. At Appoocoo you will find a priest named Balamba; give him this order. He will deliver to you two hundred elephant tusks. At Ekral sell them at twelve pounds each and split the money with Balamba. . . . You must not be seen leaving.

* * * * *

A WEEK later. Evening. Again the distant beat of drums. Gregg staggers into the store. He is in bad con-

dition. Though a bit wobbly, he comes down and stands glaring at Flint.

KREGG: God damn you, Flint! God damn your soul into hell!

FLINT: What's wrong now?

KREGG: You like to badger me, don't you? Your black death-watch always peering from behind the bushes.

FLINT: Feeling my power, aren't you?

KREGG: God, you play dirty.

FLINT: Dirty as hell. Fight the dirty with dirt.

KREGG: I can't get out. I've tried three times. Flint, what will you take to let me out?

FLINT: There isn't money enough in the world to get you out.

KREGG: I'm not through yet.

FLINT: Don't you get it yet? Look, think what you've heard, what you've seen. Don't you get it? You're the stupid ass, Gregg. . . . I am Zijeepahkih!

KREGG: You lie, damn you—you lie!

For a space the two men are locked in a fixed stare. Finally Gregg backs away, now fully convinced, fear on his face.

FLINT *(half rises in his chair, points a menacing finger)*: It's there! By God, it's there!

KREGG: What's there?

FLINT: Fear! The sneer is gone!

KREGG: You lie. To hell with you. To hell with the voodoo! To hell with the nine days' torture of the Kandalias! I'll show you how much fear there is in me!

He pulls his gun, steps toward Flint. As he does so, a blue flame shoots from the cabinet and a muffled, deadlike tone comes from within. The mysterious cabinet slowly unfolds and there stands the regalia of Zijeepahkih, all aglow just as if it cloaked the figure. Gregg steps back aghast.

FLINT: You'll use that gun on yourself before you do on me.

Kregg, shaken with fear, puts gun in holster and bolts unsteadily out the door. Zoombie enters shortly after. There is an odd look on his swarthy face.

FLINT: Kregg is gone.

ZOOMBIE: How yuh know that thing?

FLINT: I feel it.

ZOOMBIE: Gone dead. Wha' do with carcass?

FLINT: Throw it in the lime hole.

ZOOMBIE: Will do.

Flint takes down the placard from the door and slowly tears it in two. The trap-door opens and Fuzzy appears—a slime-covered, weary, weak black, but grinning faintly.

FLINT: Fuzzy damned good man.

FUZZY *(weakly)*: Sho—Fuzzy good man.

FLINT *(with a mighty effort lifts himself to his feet and, under a terrific mental strain, walks to Fuzzy. With a mad anxiety he tears open the pouch at the native's throat and draws out the fetish)*: By God! They made it!

CURTAIN

How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

*Read what dentists
have to say about this:*

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?

Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

83% said "Frequently."
15% said "Occasionally."
Only 2% said "Never."

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—puts you on the safe and polite side

*Special
Note*

Well—It Worked!
For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!

*Special
Note*

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

"AT HOME"

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (*Corinne Griffith* and *Walter Morosco*) enjoy the cool effect of their chintz-covered furniture and the pacifying thought that there shall come a day when it will be cold enough to "keep the home fires burning" in Beverly Hills



King Louis XI enjoyed beauty of landscape and freedom of the country—but no more than his present-day self in *The Vagabond King*, Max Figman. Mrs. Figman, Miss Lolita, Max, Jr., and "Hand" feel miles away from everywhere (in Great Neck, L. I.) when they loll around in their sunken garden, where the fountain plays and varicolored flowers rejoice

Variations on the theme of Keeping Kool



Rise of the Curtain

(Concluded from page 15)



several months, will open in New York. One other Cohan piece, *The Home-Towners*, has already been launched.

Another contender for August first-night notice will be the fifth edition of Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, for which the producer has announced several novelties, among them being the engagement of Georges Carpentier, one-time contender for the heavyweight championship. This Mr. Carroll will follow with *Number XI*, or *In the Fog*, by J. Jefferson Farjean.

Four of the eight new productions planned by Jones and Green will be comedies, in addition to the annual *Greenwich Village Follies*. The first of the lighter plays will be *They Had to See Paris*, dramatized by Owen Davis from Homer Croy's novel. This will be presented in association with Crosby Gaige. It will be followed by *A Match for Three*, a comedy of domestic entanglements, by Hadley Waters and Katherine Haviland Taylor; *People Don't Do Such Things*, and a play made from William Johnston's story, *The Real Mr. Mussen*.

Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis will combine their efforts in Shakespeare's behalf to appear in *Romeo and Juliet*. . . . Alice Brady will be seen in *Sour Grapes*, a comedy by Vincent Lawrence. . . . A dramatization is planned of Herbert Asbury's *Hatrack*, which caused a ferment in the offices of the *American Mercury* where the story appeared, and among the Boston constabulary.

Among the producing firms who promise considerable activity during the new season is the Dramatists' Theatre which enters the lists with six hoped-for hits. The first offering of this group will be *Scotch Mist*, by Sir Patrick Hastings, which is rated a success in London, and will be played here by Philip Merivale and Rosalinde Fuller, with an English supporting cast. Another piece highly regarded is *The Man in the Next Room*, by Eliot Crawshaw Williams, also a Britisher. This play is all about a character who is not seen or heard—who is always in the next room. Sem Benelli, author of *The Jest*, has written a new piece for the Dramatists; as have Edward Childs Carpenter and Cosmo Hamilton, collaborating on *The Prodigal Father*. The exclusive work of Mr. Hamilton is a play entitled *His Majesty the King*.

THE subscription season of the Provincetown Playhouse will offer the inevitable O'Neill play, either *Book of Revelation*, as yet incomplete, or a new one; Æschylus's *The Seven Against Thebes*; two intimate operas to be selected from Gluck's *Paris and Helen*, Handel's *Rhodelinda*, and a Mozart opera. Revivals probably will include *Orpheus*, *Fashion* and *The Emperor Jones*.

Further news from the experimental branch of the theatre is to the effect that the American Laboratory Theatre, under the direction of Richard Boleslavsky, will sponsor four plays during its second subscription season. The latter part of September will usher in the musical comedy version of *The Straw Hat*, from Labiche's farce, which was postponed from last year to permit the addition of a dozen new songs with music by Randall Thompson.

A young American writer, Thornton Niven Wilder, whose novel, "Cabala," has been a literary sensation, is author of *The Trumpet Shall Sound*, the second offering of the American Laboratory Theatres. Two more productions will be chosen from the following: *Danton*, by Georg Buechner; *Americana*, with story by Stephen Vincent Benét and music by Douglas Moore; Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Uriel Acosta*, by Karl Ferdinand Gutzkov.

October 18th will usher in *Saturday Night*, by Benavente, under the auspices of New York's "Civic Repertory Theatre Company," whose activities Eva Le Gallienne is directing. Egon Brecher will play the leading rôle, and others in the cast are Beatrice Terry, Sydney Machet, Harold Moulton and J. Sayre Crawley.

A. L. Erlanger may be depended on to contribute a number of worth-while shows in a group of six, three of which will be musicals. Of these, we are promised *Happy Go Lucky*, by Helena Philips Evans, with music by Lucien Denni; *Honeymoon Lane* and the new Ed Wynn show. Another early Fall production is *Service for Two*, by Martin Flavin, who wrote *Children of the Moon* and author also of *Shucks*, which Sam Harris tried out recently in Atlantic City. Erlanger already has given a try-out to Frank Craven in *Going Home*, by George Barr McCutcheon; and *Coal Oil Jenny*, by Mr. Craven, starring Ernest Glendinning.

THEATRE GUILD program includes the following plays: *Faust*, by Goethe; *Life Is Real*, by Elmer Rice; *B.A., B.A., Black Sheep*, by Burdette Kinne; *Crack O' Doom*, by Victor Victor; *Juarez and Maximilian*, by Franz Werfel; *Much Ado About Nothing*, by Shakespeare; *The Sea Gull*, by Anton Tchekhov; *Right You Are If You Think You Are*, by Pirandello; *The Lonely Way*, by Schnitzler; *The Second Man*, by R. S. Behrman; *The Brothers Karamazoff*, by Fyodor Dostoevsky and *All Our Yesterdays*, by C. K. Munro. The first play of the season will be *Juarez and Maximilian* with Alfred Lunt as Maximilian and Clare Eames as Empress Charlotte.

The Neighborhood Playhouse contributes a tentative schedule from which will be selected its offerings for the new season. *Pinwheel*, by Francis Edwards Faragoh, is said to be of the calibre of John Howard Lawson's *Processional*. A German playwright, Schmidt-Bonn, is the author of an opus titled *The Highway*; and in the way of lyric drama there will be a version of Algernon Blackwood's *The Touch of Pan* and a ballet mechanique knows as *The Siren of Syracuse*. *The Beautiful Sabin Woman* by Andreyeff will be revived, as will *The Dybbuk*, *The Little Clay Cart* and Sheridan's *The Critic*. *The Burmese Pwe* and *The Arab Fantasia* also will be repeated. The usual satirical comment on the Broadway theatrical season will round out the program in the shape of a 1927 Grand Street Follies.

Among the numerous contributions of Owen Davis are *The Donovan Affair* which after a brief spring tryout will reopen in the fall. *The Phantom Ship*, a farce comedy which Davis adapted from the German, featuring Ruth Gordon and *The Man Who Forgot*, on which Mr. Davis collaborated with S. N. Behrman for presentation by Hugh Ford.

Arthur Hopkins and Archibald Selwyn have united in the presentation of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy, *The League of Nations*. Other Selwyn producing collaborations will be *The Ghost Train*, flushed with London success, to be done in association with A. H. Woods; Avery Hopwood's adaptation from the German of *The Garden of Eden*, for which Selwyn will join forces with Sam H. Harris, and another Owen Davis product, *The Yes Girl*, for which Jeanne Eagels will halt *Rain*.

THE STAGE VILLAIN ON THE RUN

(Concluded from page 10)

freely, to say nothing, perhaps, of the future. For the Mexican villain has not reformed. He is, for the moment, simply living somewhere else, waiting for such emotional exigencies of the theatre as will send him back to border depredations, smouldering carrambas and flicking cigarette ashes to the murmuring sapristis, hot tamales and hotter amours.

Among the Star-Spangled fireside your playwright may fasten his quiet treachery upon the Oriental within the gates. Never was puppet fashioned so thoroughly for the shady uses of the drama. He need only walk on to light the candles, lay out the master's lounging robe or trigger with the telephone and he is convicted before the fact.

Whoever is found later lying under the library table with cutlery implanted in them,

or staring dead without a blemish to show the cause, is virtually revenged on the instant. Else why the bland and inscrutable Fong-Woo and his thousand aliases?

Yet let the American-chaperoned drama proceed quietly into the Orient, let it invade the lives of the very people who furnish its wickedness on the republican soil, and what happens? There is a different story.

Observe, at this juncture, the ruddy bagnio of the ineluctable Mother Goddam, the pleasure places of Shanghai and the gestures that occurred therein. Note the terrors of revenge let loose upon a peaceful world of sin and shame. Contemplate the screechy harriidan of the sex bazaars and examine the machinery of her behavior.

Does she not bring in a nude young woman

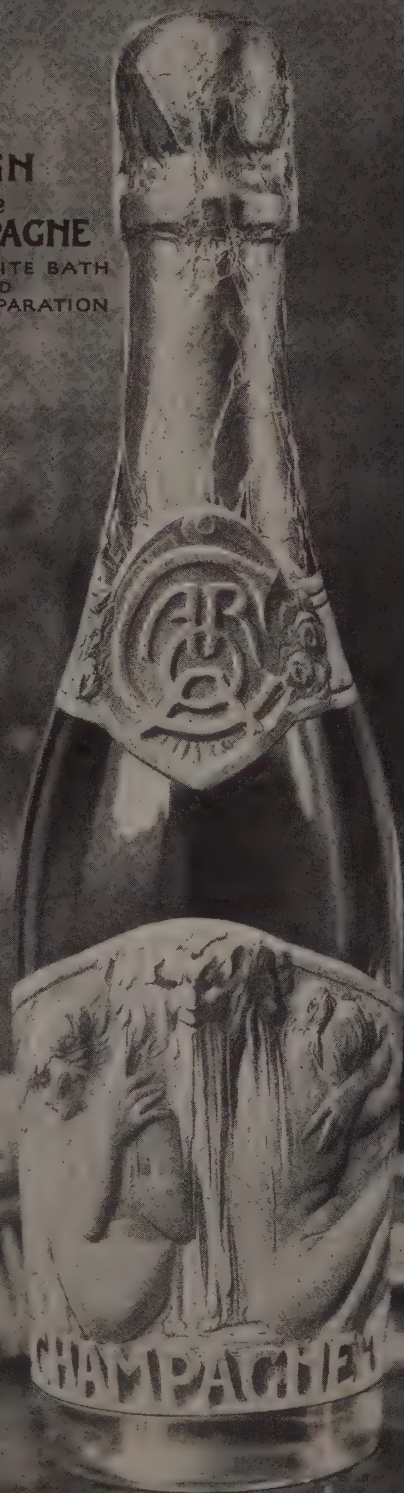
upon a platter before her dinner guests and auction her off to the coolies of the town? Does she not talk too much and plot a fiendish scheme to even her score against the world, chasing her own daughter up and down the Shanghai stairway and killing her for a final attitude?

In case you haven't heard, she does. But, and here comes the crux of the matter, who makes her do it? A Chinaman. No, no, a hundred thousand noes. This happens in Shanghai and our enemies of the library melodrama at home have become the neighbors of Mother Goddam, her friends against a world of villains. An Englishman causes the Shanghai gesticulation, thus maintaining the international alliances of villainy.

It is, perhaps, a bond of world understanding, for who are so dear to us as our good enemies?

Parfums Caron

**BAIN
de
CHAMPAGNE**
AN EXQUISITE BATH
AND
TOILET PREPARATION



CARON CORP. 389 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

JOE COOK—BROADWAY'S FUNNY MAN

(Continued from page 12)

the drop, he gets a roar. It suggests and then sidesteps horse-play and it is almost as funny as the immense horse-play of his Goldbergian machine to give a music cue. Sometimes he dovetails his elements so deftly that you are unaware of the variations in them. In his burlesque of a passion scene (played with Peggy Joyce and the Senator) the long farewell between the gentleman and his valet was an incredible mixture of fantastic and slap-stick; when it was over, Cook began to do all the French bedroom drama business, perfuming the couch, look at his watch and finally, the big moment, slipping off his silk dressing gown—the usual signal that as soon as he puts on his dinner jacket the lady will knock. Cook tossed his dressing-gown away and gravely put on another one exactly like it. And a moment later was at horse-play with a piano which shed its keys.

There is no use pretending that he has the hold of a Jolson or of a Belle Baker on his audiences. But he has never, in recent years, played to their emotions, and he has decidedly appealed to their brains. This is, no doubt, one of the qualities which make him so attractive to intellectual lovers of vaudeville; because they can genuinely like the naïve and the violent stuff, but they cannot resist an appeal to their minds. Cook makes that ap-

peal by his constant parody (which even in its lowest stages is an intellectual diversion, because it involves some sense of comparison) and by his elaborate and perfect technique. Tinney's joke technique is a parallel case and the Phil Baker-X conversation is another; and neither they nor Cook ever makes the mistake of thinking that their technique is important because it gets the critical few; they know it is important because it is the perfect way of getting their stuff over to their audiences.

Cook, in particular, has not been at all affected, in a moral sense, by the things written about him. His salary has doubled, or thereabouts, since 1923; he has received and refused offers to do a night club; and he is finally an absolute head-liner on the Keith Circuit when he isn't in revue. He is grateful to his boosters and as far as I know he likes them. Occasionally he invites some literary people to his house; he has appeared, infrequently, at their parties, sometimes telling them stories of a madness which makes even the Four Hawaiians seem logical. In general he does not look down on intellectuals nor does he resent anything about them except their occasional bad manners. The sophistication which justifies discourtesy he hasn't mastered. He is still a simple person.

WHERE I GET MY "PEP"

(Continued from page 9)

tions, it is from good friends who will let me spend the hours in their homes in a simple way, as for instance, Margaret Mayo, who is a very good friend, and whose home at Harmon-on-the-Hudson I often visit. A few hours of communion with the country, at least once a week, are necessary to the replenishing of my vital store.

One of my methods for recharging my batteries with strength is to go through my day interested, but not too much interested, in what occurs about me. I dictate this article. I am interested, but I do not allow the theme to possess me. I give it the surface of myself. The depths, the deep flowing current in the channel-bed, are reserved for the instant when I am before my audience. Then, with no conscious effort of my own, it bursts forth with a torrent's force.

To illustrate my attitude toward all things save my performance: I am like the average person sitting out front watching me play. That person is interested, I hope. I hope he is much interested. But he is passive. He does not help the performance. He simply enjoys it. Thus it is that I meet acquaintances, shop, go to a matinée, sit at the tea-table while my guests partake of the brew from tea leaves.

I eat but scantily. I used to agree with the opera singers who hold that for hard work there must be heavy meals. I was mistaken. Since eating lightly, I have more "pep" and less poundage. Twenty-three fewer pounds. While I was playing in *The Heart of Wetonah*, I weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds. My weight in August, 1926, is one hundred and twenty-one. At breakfast I drink a cup of coffee. A little tea at an early dinner. Nothing of the kind which Volstead has made more popular save champagne. I like champagne. A glass of it releases my nervous energy as by magic.

Light exercises, enough exercise to keep the blood stream healthfully moving, I follow. In exercise I am not a radical. Enough to make the muscles serve their purpose of nature's corset.

The things my stomach loves I seldom eat. I adore candy and eat none. I have a tigerish desire for meat. I permit myself a chop only once in two weeks. For I have learned that meats lie heavily upon my digestive tract, making me feel dull and heavy. They draw heavily upon my vitality.

At all costs I must guard that priceless possession, inherited from long-dead Franz Xavier Ulric, my "pep."

First—the Story!

It is of prime importance in all
FOX PICTURES

So here, in a new group just arriving at the theatres, we find two stage successes, one of the present and one of past years, a novel by a "best-selling" author and an original story by a "top-notch" popular fiction writer



"The Pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young"—says the old legend. This theme—a young mother's choice between her true happiness and her son's self-centered demands—inspired the title, *The Pelican*, for the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood from which is drawn the Fox picture

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

Do you note the question mark? Alma Rubens, the mother; Walter Pidgeon, a lover; Walter McGrail, the husband, and Richard Walling, the son, are all exquisitely molded into the fabric of the photoplay staged by Frank Borzage, one of the screen's most dependable directors. A poignant and absorbing recital!



Consider *The Lily*! Not the flower of the field—but one of the flowers of stage perfection. Adapted and presented by David Belasco from the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, a few years ago this play was the sensation of the American stage. As a Fox picture

THE LILY

has been given a fine production. Belle Bennett, who so distinguished herself in *Stella Dallas*, plays the title role—in France a "lily" is a girl who passes through life without the realization of her love. Victor Schertzinger directed this picture; Ian Keith and Reata Hoyt are in the supporting cast.



Gerald Beaumont, one of the aces of short fiction, composed a story of manhood, courage, faith, steadfastness; its inspiration—the vision of a pure and tender young girl. In the Fox Picture

THE BLUE EAGLE

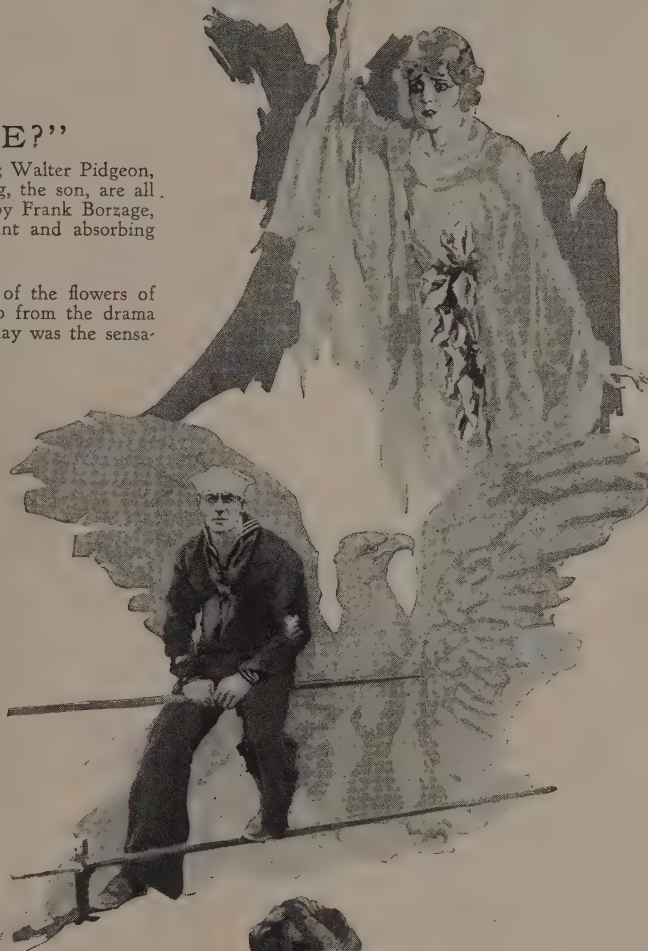
John Ford (who directed "The Iron Horse") has set this story on the screen so as to quicken your heart and grip your emotions. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, William Russell, Robert Edson—the distinguished cast tells its own tale! You should see George O'Brien and "Big Bill" Russell in action!



"Harold MacGrath has everything!" So the critics say of this author of more than a dozen actual best-sellers, and in this photoplay which we have called

WOMANPOWER

We find MacGrath at his best. Harry Beaumont, who directed "Sandy," has used Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Ralph Sipperly and others in a thrill-plus-laughter picture you will keenly enjoy. The title tells the story—some power this!



—Joshua Serrano

**WILLIAM
FOX
PICTURES**

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"7th Heaven"

"The Music Master"

"3 Bad Men"

"One Increasing Purpose"



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THE SUPERMAN AT SEVENTY!

(Continued from page 17)

you your mortgage. What Lick-cheese (his merciless rent collector) did for me I do for you. He and I are alike intermediaries: you are the principal. It is because of the risks I run through the poverty of my tenants that you exact from me the monstrous and exorbitant rate of seven per cent., forcing me to exact the uttermost farthing in my turn from the tenants. And yet, Dr. Trench, you have not hesitated to speak contemptuously of me because I have applied my industry and forethought to the management of our property and am maintaining it by the same honorable means."

No, the redoubtable G. B. S. has defied age successfully. Time has worked few changes in him that are obvious to the world.

It is curious to note that in *Saint Joan* Shaw completed his thirty-fifth play; two plays for every year of his life or a bit more than one play a year since he abandoned novel-writing and turned to the drama.

This theatrical phase of Shaw's career began rather late, when he was thirty-six. Before that time he wasn't quite sure what he wanted—that is, in the creative sense. He knew that his great desire was for fame, but in what way his wishes were to be realized was yet not clear to him.

He came to London from Ireland when he was twenty. From the age of fifteen he had worked in a Dublin land office and submission to genteel requirements had been making more and more of a rebel out of his naturally volatile character.

In London his mother tried to make progress independent of her plodding husband by teaching singing, and Shaw cheerfully confesses that in those days he lived off his mother.

The air of the English metropolis was swept by the brisk breezes of the incoming century, with its many radical innovations, and the young man began to feel the tang of life in a very exhilarating manner. His mother became assistant to a good musician named Lee, and Shaw acquired a knowledge of and taste for higher music. This resulted in his setting up as a vigorous commentator on that other iconoclast, Richard Wagner. He began to write musical criticism for T. P. O'Connor's *The Star*, under the euphonious pen-name of "Corno di Basseto."

He also found that all the bold young men in London were Socialists and so he threw himself ardently into the Marxian movement and developed a natural talent for oratory and debate. Mr. O'Connor brought up his staff on a pungent journalism, the essence of which was to catch your reader's interest at the beginning, to be sure he did not pass you by. This style was delightful to Shaw and he affectionately nursed it until he had learned the knack of starting off all his articles with a bang in the very first sentence.

These various elements contributed to bring out a literary figure in London, who came to be noticed by the initials G. B. S., which he attached to his articles. Presently his musical activities led him to the theatre and he discovered a liking for the drama.

Now it was that Shaw began to approach his own domain. He had written several novels with scant success, and being inspired by the lament of the Independent Theatre Society that no native Britisher had yet produced a great play, he decided that he could fill in the void. He dug up a piece he had started writing in collaboration with William Archer and finished it. This was *Widowers' Houses* and the Independents presented it.

There were reservations in the critical opinion as to the candidacy of this play for the title of the Great English Drama, but its bold treatment of a social problem caused plenty of excitement, and George Bernard Shaw was launched. Thereafter, having found his element and the proper method of selling his wares, he took himself diligently to the composition of the plays which have won him, in the opinion of his great army of admirers, a place in posterity.

And now George Bernard Shaw crosses the boundary of three-score-and-ten. What will he bring out in the new decade? His last two plays, the gigantic four-instantment, *Back Methuselah*, and *Saint Joan*, perhaps show the trend of his mind at this stage of his life; and there are always rumors in the theatrical world. Combining the circumstances, one can perhaps make a random guess and say that Shaw's climax, his swan-song or valedictory, whatever you may want to call it, will be the drama that is of Jesus Christ.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Jazz. By Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. 298 pages. J. H. Sears & Co., New York. \$3.

Sheridan to Robertson. A study of the Nineteenth Century London Stage, by Ernest Bradlee Watson, Ph. D. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

The Actor in Room 931. By Cyrus Maude, in collaboration with Charles Hanson Towne. Published by J. H. Sears & Co., New York. \$2.50.

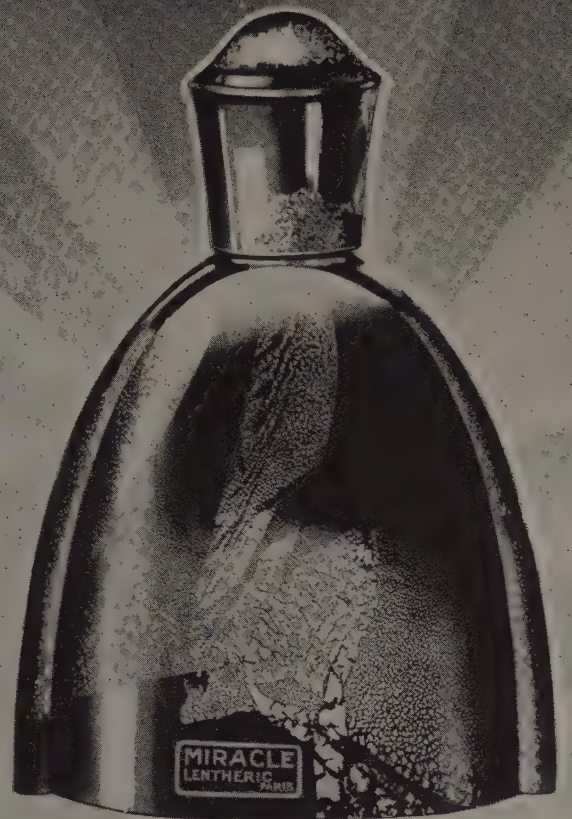
The Plough and the Stars. A tragedy in four acts by Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Company.



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way of removing cleansing cream

The *only* way yet discovered
that removes ALL dirt, grease
and germ-laden accumulations
in gentle safety to your skin.

HERE is a scientific way
to remove cold cream
that will work wonders on
your skin.

A way that will hold your
make-up hours longer than
before. That will make your
skin seem shades lighter. That
will stop oily skin and nose
conditions amazingly.

Largely on the advice of
specialists in skin care, women
are literally flocking to its use.
It marks a new era in modern
beauty culture.

It will prove that no matter how
long you have used cold cream,
you have never removed it, and
its accumulation of dirt, entirely
from your skin . . . have never
removed it in gentle safety to
your skin.

It is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—
absorbent. Dainty and exquisite,
you use, then discard them. Send
the coupon. A 7-day supply will
be given you.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are
world authorities in this field. On
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we perfected this scientifically right
material for removing cold cream;
for removing it as it must be re-
moved to keep the skin flawless.

It is the only product made
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sents some two years of scientific
research.

It stops oily nose and skin
conditions amazingly. For
these come from overlaid
pores . . . cold creams and
oils left for nature to expel.

* * *

It combats skin eruptions.
For they're invited by germ
accumulations left in the skin,
breeding places for bacteria.



Old methods, towels, cloths and
fiber substitutes, failed in absor-
bency. And thus often rubbed in-
fectious dirt accumulations *back into*
your skin.

Multiplied skin benefits

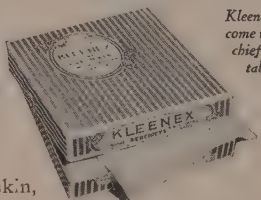
Now, in Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absor-
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it contrasts the harshness of cloth
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that you'll love.

It is 27 times as absorbent as the
ordinary towel. 24 times that of
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It does what no other method yet
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Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—
come in exquisite flat handker-
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Boudoir size, sheets
6 x 7 inches . 35c

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Please send without expense to
me a sample packet of Kleenex
'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

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MORE ADVENTURES OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 22)

man in my company did wood-carving
in his dressing-room to while away the
waits. Another did magazine covers.
One woman in the company had writ-
ten a book, which was published the
following year. They are a spon-
taneous lot and unfailingly amusing.
Moreover they are generous to a fault.
As someone said: "An actor will give
his last shirt to a friend, although he
may forget to pay the laundress who
laundered it."

On April 3 we opened in New York.
It was a magnificent opening, with the
theatre packed to the doors. All artis-
tic New York was there to give us
welcome, and such a welcome! The
applause after the first act was solid,
enormous. Then something seemed to
die. (It was not I, but I wish it had
been.) Although I thought I had come
to view the whole thing from a com-
pletely detached standpoint, I could
not take its failure dispassionately.
That it was a failure was obvious.
The critics condemned the play the
next morning; I would have, had I
been in their place.

Then a hot spell set in. Oh, the sul-
try, weary, limp discouragement back-
stage! The ultimate moment we had
so long agonized for—a New York
opening—was ours, and what did it
amount to? Our first matinee brought
forth only a sprinkling of people. The
thoughts of the great populace had
turned, over a hot night, to motor rides
into the great open spaces, to green,
woody things. And we were forgot-
ten! Nature had done its fickle bit in
helping to defeat us.

I went back after the performance

and encountered one of the girls in
the company coming out.

"I'm going out to look for another
job," she flung at me. "This isn't
going to last."

But, of course, I knew already.

Just one more play gone to the store-
house! One more grave on Broad-
way!

In one of the Middle West towns
we had played at the beginning of our
run (how many, many months ago it
seemed!) we had followed what they
call "Safety Week." On every street
corner was a tombstone to commemo-
rate some motor accident. One read
as one walked: "John Smith killed
here, aged fifty-two, left wife and five
children"; "On this spot Nelly Simp-
son, aged seven, run over by a truck"
etc., etc. A lugubrious spectacle, but one
with a lesson! Everywhere we turned,
as we made our straggling, weary way
through the town, we were brought up
short with a reminder of the uncer-
tainty of things temporal. Well, why
not something of the sort on Broadway?
A monument for every dead play, an
inscription for every dead hope! And
on one of these sagging, neglected little
tombstones would be found engraved,
"Here lies 'My First Play,' by Lillian
Barrett, April 3 to April 19, 1923." Would
the aspiring playwright learn his
lesson? Not a bit of it. For,
though his feet were stumbling among
graves, his head would be among the
red, purple and green sparkle of elec-
tric signs that would lure him on to
fresh efforts. Most plays die young, it
is true; but behold!—some go gaily on
forever.

STAGE FRIGHT !!!

(Continued from page 18)

intention of murdering the other
fellow."

"I'm all right the minute I hear my
own voice," he added. "No matter
how far away it sounds, and it usu-
ally comes from somewhere in the
neighborhood of Philadelphia, as soon
as I find I can still talk, the worst is
over. Some of the actors put on a lot
of bum comedy just to show how calm
they are. You know, 'Well, it's sim-
ply marvelous what this fellow Byrd
has done in flyin', ain't it?' Some-
thing like that to show that they're
not even thinking about being nerv-
ous. Others come right out and admit
it. 'If I ever get out of this cantata,
I'll never get in another one,' they'll
say, and you know that they are just
wishing to God it was all over."

Groucho Marx, the fourth part of
the *Cocoanuts*, said:

"I always take opium on opening
nights. Of course you can't get the
same opium you used to get nowa-
days. I find this bootleg opium keeps
me awake instead of putting me to
sleep. My brother Harpo always eats

sliced tomatoes on opening nights.
He insists on sliced tomatoes. He
knows he can always find plenty
of ripe ones around the theatre on
opening nights. Chico, my other
brother, always eats tinned tomatoes
just as a difference of opinion. You
know, we couldn't even have to-
matoes if it weren't for a difference
of opinion.

Al Jolson always eats Aunt Jemi-
ma's pancakes on opening nights, so
he can get that 'Mammy' feeling.

"Do you carry an amulet like so
many of the others?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I always eat
mine."

"They tell me that Trentini, when
she sang for the late Oscar Hammer-
stein, always insisted upon his giving
her a quarter, which she placed in the
heel of her left shoe before she would
go on at a premiere performance. Is
that true?" I demanded.

"Yes, but Oscar swore she did it
just to get the extra twenty-five
cents," he declared, and I left his
dressing-room in tears.

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Mode in
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Coats have been created by
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*The
Mode
of
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sented *Claiborne Foster*, now starring
in "The Patsy" at the Booth Theatre,
New York, in a soft crusher of close-
ly stitched bengaline in two shades
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At the end of every summer, the salons of Helena Rubinstein are eagerly besieged with damsels and matrons who have enjoyed the summer all too well.

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Each client is individually treated—in accordance with the special needs of her individual skin and appearance.

Following is a list of beauty preparations created by Helena Rubinstein, indispensable for after-summer use in your daily beautifying ritual.

Valaze Water Lily Cream—most delightful and luxurious of all face creams—cleanses wonderfully, enlivens and rejuvenates the skin. Among its precious ingredients is a youth-giving essence seeped from myriads of water lily buds. Keeps your complexion exquisitely smooth. 2.50, 4.00

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—removes tan, freckles, sallowness, darkened skin pigment—refines, lightens and purifies the skin—a marvelous beautifier for daily use. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00

Valaze Freckle Cream—for removing obstinate freckles and a stubborn coat of tan. Freshens and tones up the skin. 1.50

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (*Anthosoras*)—richest of nourishing creams—feeds the underlying tissues, smoothing out lines, wrinkles, crow's-feet and filling out hollows. Unequaled for crinkled eyelids and old-looking hands. Prevents summer "squin lines" from forming into wrinkles. To keep youthful, pat in nightly, especially around eyes. 1.75, 3.50

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THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WE are always so pleased when we have an opportunity to write on perfume. Perfume is one of our hobbies, and thank heaven it is a subject which is relatively inexhaustible, and as far as we can see will last us the rest of our life. There is always a new perfume appearing . . . or someone is always discovering a new slant concerning the method or fashion of its application.

This month we have something particularly new and interesting to tell you about perfume. Whether you'd call it a new method of application, or a new kind, we leave it to you to decide. To us it seems about a fifty-fifty *mélange*, with the addition of a new way of carrying it. And how that latter addition appeals to us! As it does doubtless to most women. The question of "portableness" becomes more and more a distinct asset, as more of us are running off to Europe, going on motoring trips, week-ending in the country. To have a convenient "trick" that will pop into a bag and take up little room and not break . . . voila the ideal in toilet accessories! And when it is chic in appearance, what could you ask for more!

So now that we have sufficiently intrigued your curiosity, let us proceed to satisfy it. It was Miss Luella Gear, through whom we made our discovery. . . Miss Gear, whose charming counterpart adorns this month's cover and who is now appearing in *Queen High*, a musical comedy made from the former play of *A Pair of Sixes*. She was carrying the perfume in her bag the day we had tea with her. . .

This new conceit in perfumes is called by the name of "Bag-dabs," and they are tiny cases of galalith, about as large as the third of a fat lipstick, whose lid unscrews to reveal a perfume in the form of a paste or salve. Now you begin to get the idea, don't you? No breaking of bottles, no leakage or spilling. . .

"And won't the paste stain one's handkerchief? And can you put it on your clothes?" we asked Miss Gear.

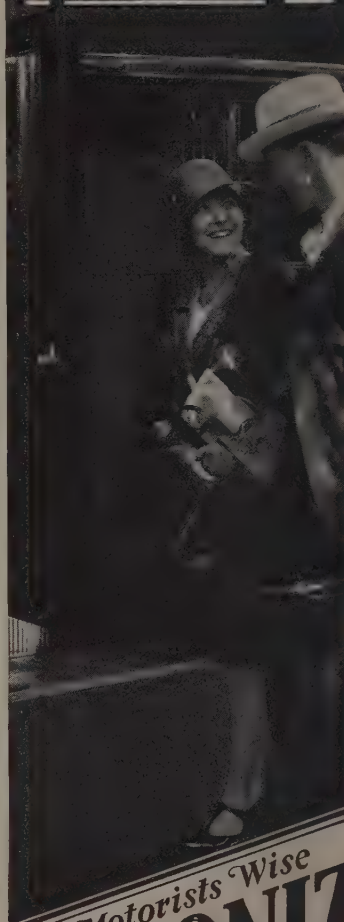
"As to the first, No, not at all," answered Miss Gear. "And as to the second, I don't think so, though I've only put a tiny smear of the perfume under lapels of coats, or tucked away somewhere where I was sure it could make no difference. But it's delicious to use directly on the skin, back of the ears, for instance, the way the French women like to do with perfume, and it's fine for shaping the eyebrows, or rubbing into the roots of the hair around the forehead. . .

"Alice Delysia was the first one I saw using this kind of paste perfume . . . the conception for which, by the way, comes from the East. She had a box of the perfume, when she was over here two years ago, and I was fascinated with it at the time. . . But then it wasn't to be had outside of Paris. Now there are several department stores which carry it. But be sure to ask for 'Bag-dabs,' for there is an imitation put out which is not the same thing at all. . . The paste gets rancid, and the perfume is horrid. The perfume, 'Nuit Divine,' is delicious, don't you think?" asked Miss Gear. And indeed we did.

Miss Gear's little galalith box was in pink with a "nigger's" head on the cover, wearing a white clown's cap, and sporting two brilliants for eyes. Frightfully chic! And the next day we went to the store to which she directed us and found other shapes and sizes, in different shades of blue and rose and scarlet, each with an amusing ornamentation of some sort. . . Though the clown's head boxes were captivating, we finally made our choice of a small shape no bigger than a thimble case, with the tiniest and gayest of ballet dancers painted on the side.

For prices, and where this new conceit in perfumes, "Bag-dabs," can be purchased, write *The Vanity Box*, care of THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

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our dull looking
car so beautiful?"
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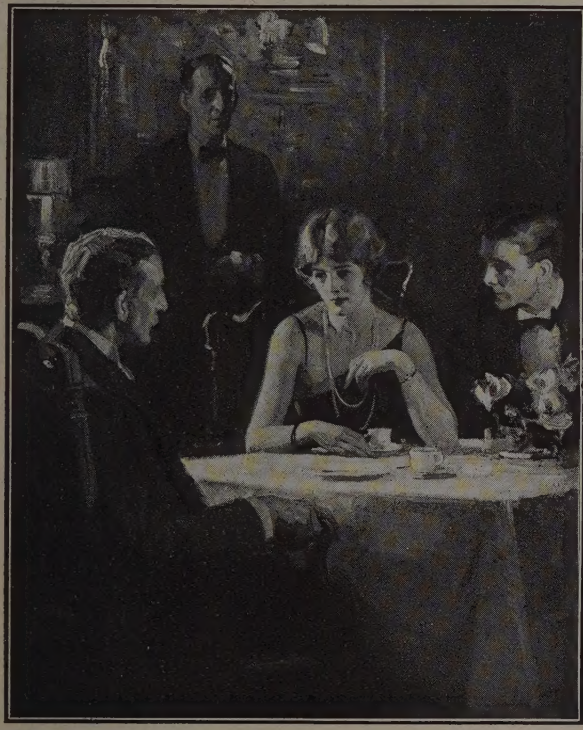
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Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores

What Style's Crystal Reveals



The Demoiselle

PATENT LEATHER
TRIMMED WITH
PIN SEALAND
MATT KID

HANAN SHOES

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

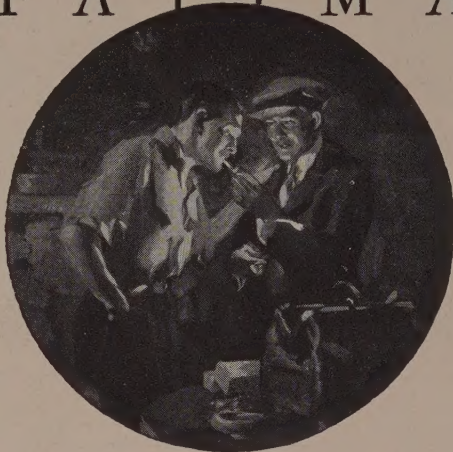
"SAINT HONORÉ" FAIR

(Continued from page 2)

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning... and it is sound reasoning, too... the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A



"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

You know, of course, Saint-Granier (Comte de Cassagnac), the brilliant and versatile man who can equally well write a review as sing a clever song. Would you believe that he can sell flowers in the street with equal charm? He does not mind stopping a car in the street, brave a monocle or dainty spectacles and whisper with a cunning voice: "What is a *louis* for you, beautiful lady?" They laugh and empty their wallets and vanity boxes. How can a beauty resist that "beau" affecting Spanish type of a torrero?

You can behold from here this street of wild animation, where rare scents mingle in rich symphonies of smell with a faint suggestion of an Oriental cigarette. In shops an elegant and inquisitive crowd allows right and left to see their favorite artists. They say that in order to protect Mistinguett from too ardent glares, of her admirers, eight real "agents" have been posted in charge of a "brigadier." But she ignores their presence and displays her talents for the benefit of "Grand Siècle," where she discharges with grace the duty of selling articles of art. When the trade slackens, she sells her bright and combative signature to the highest bidder, while Pierre Magnier extols the merits of shirts, ties and collars from Maison Faivret.

Then we see again St. Granier at Desfossé.

"A la Reine des Fées" Melle Blanche Montel offers you bags, her beautiful hands fingering nimbly the little jewel boxes which no fashionable buyers can resist. At "Paco," Onil and disarming Dranen jointly dispose of quantities of handkerchiefs; they found some incredibly long ones, which they tied round their necks down-fashion; people laugh and buy handkerchiefs. Koval and Benda sell you jewels at Helft's, while Maud Loti, who loves so much to act the little girl, is a "vendeuse" in company of Loulou Hégoburu at her favorite couturier, Lenieff.

The jeweler Kahn, placed among his precious treasures the celebrated Elsie Janis. . . . No need to tell you how much this delightful American artist is popular with the Parisian public! She achieved her latest successes at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, where her clever impersonations have delighted and astounded everybody, notably that of old "negro," who wants always to dance. Her hair, too, is a precious asset of her exquisite gifts. She flattens it out or turns it agog when imitating Mac Dearly or Mistinguett. Some time or other she just throws it back with a gesture which is typical of her and shows you "a little dance of her own." Her popularity is so great that once even a little girl wounded her hand in the crowd in order to see Elsie . . . and Elsie bandaged her wound. . . .

Jane Renouardt, at Erès, sells stockings at 1,000 francs a pair, and she gets them too when one knows her charm, while Yolande Laffon at Real's, and the famous Fratellini clowns at "Nain Bleu," ably perform their duties. The latter especially are in their right element among all the funny and entertaining playthings and dolls. Their comic figures have often served as models for those amusing imitations which now embellish shop windows. . . . Finally, the "jeune premier," Victor Boucher, of light opera and revue, sells you paper goods at Cassegrain. Who knows why he has chosen this domain to display his humor and imagination? Does he expect any love letters? In any case, he sells his wares as quickly as if they were chocolate boxes. "Aux Gobelins," the accidental shop girls, have adorned the costumes of the epoch. In one of these shops (discretion not permitting to divulge the secret) a gold florin was offered by a visitor.

Both actors and onlookers of this delightful fair were enchanted; as for ladies, they were glorious! It was a real competition of grace at lunch at "Grand Vatel," and people speak already about organizing a similar fair on St. Honoré's day. But it is anticipated that it will even be more gorgeous than this one and will last several days. In any case, the genius of the organizers assures in advance a complete success.

THE PROVIDENCE PLAYERS

(Continued from page 43)

is no other auditorium available, and, worse yet, no place to preserve the wealth of stage equipment of many periods that they have so lovingly collected. Dallas, Baltimore, New Orleans all have their own Little Theatre buildings. Chicago, Cleveland and Pasadena have fully equipped Little Theatre laboratories. Pasadena's Community Playhouse cost over \$250,000. Springfield (half the size of Providence) has a \$2,000,000 community art center, containing a fine auditorium. Philadelphia has a similar civic group, and Columbus is building one.

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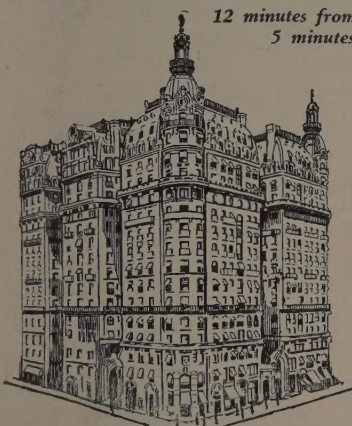
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SCREEN INTERVIEWS

(Continued from page 39)

ALMA RUBENS - - - MRS. RICARDO CORTEZ

This spring—when Alma Rubens came to New York on her honeymoon with Ricardo Cortez—she had a new quality, a kind of radiance that she never had before. It was as though the Alma of the old master portrait had stepped down from her sombre frame and gone out through the tall windows to romp in the sunlight.

She looked very gay and young. Alma was happy!

"I believe marrying 'Ric' has been the turning point of my whole life," she said.

She went on then to tell a story of dreams that are coming true at last—dreams that began way back in San Francisco when a slender, dark-eyed girl wanted to be a great actress and didn't know how to get a start.

"I seem to have been born inarticulate," she remarked, whimsically. "All the things worth saying, I didn't know how to say, and all the things worth doing, I didn't know how to do. But I'm a little glad that success hasn't come to me too easily. I think that the things that have seemed the hardest at the time have been the ones from which I've learned the most."

"There was *Siberia*," she went on, "the picture I just finished for Fox. We went up into Idaho, in the dead of winter, to shoot the snow scenes. I don't suppose there's a girl in all California who hates snow more than I do, and location work. Yet they tell me I did better emotional acting in the *Sonia* rôle than I'd ever done before."

She spoke of other dreams—especially her dream of a home which has always been the dearest dream of all.

"I don't mean a house," she said. "I've had lots of those. But my dream was to have a place altogether mine to be alone in and to take my friends to. I thought I'd like it to be almost ugly as you saw it from the street. Just a big, bare wall, you know, with a little gate like a convent garden. It would be fun to take

people to it, and see them trying not to show how unattractive they thought it. Then, I'd open the little door and watch their faces change when they stepped inside where the real beauty was.

"My new Hollywood home isn't like that, exactly, but it is unpretentious. I'm sorry it had to be new, for I should have liked it to bear that atmosphere old family mansions have, where everything, by generations of belonging together, has fallen into harmony.

"I didn't have an interior decorator. Everything in it, I've chosen myself. Just yesterday, I found some antique bell pulls—three hundred years old with gray velvet leaves and pearl grapes on a background of rich red. They will harmonize with the furniture in my Italian drawing-room."

She had found some portfolios, too, of Florentine leather, to contain play scripts. And some big floor cushions for her own sitting-room with its deep, low chairs and window boxes for flowers.

Ricardo's room is Spanish, with curtained doorways, tiled floor and soft woven rugs.

It seems that this love of home is one of the most important things that Alma and her new husband have in common. To them, an informal gathering of congenial friends means infinitely more than a night club.

"It may be because our work keeps us so much before the public," Alma explained, "but still there are plenty of professional people in Hollywood who cannot bear a quiet moment. They must always be keyed up, always going somewhere, and they go to the same round of places over and over again.

The Russian balalaika wailed its sad song of great seas and winds in forests.

Alma shivered. "That reminds me of *Siberia*," she said. "Let's get outdoors where we can laugh."

REEL-ISMS

(Continued from page 36)

THE postman who went hiking on this holiday has nothing on Thomas Meighan. Mr. Meighan had a night off recently in a little town where exterior scenes were being made for *Tin Gods*, and so he went to the movies.

THERE are some mothers like Mrs. Finnigan—first she is on and then off again. Such a mother is Alice Joyce to Lois Moran. After *Stella Dallas*, Alice Joyce dropped her motherhood to Lois, and now has re-established it in *The Ace of Cads*, the Famous Players-Lasky picture starring Adolphe Menjou.

IN directing Ramon Novarro in *A Certain Young Man*, a kind of modern Don Juan rôle, Director Hobart Henry, of Metro-Goldwyn, suggested to his star that the only way to be successful with the ladies is not to pursue them—well, not obviously, anyway. "Always look just a little bit bored, quite indifferent and perhaps a wee bit intolerant—because you can relieve yourself when alone, by being as youthfully enthusiastic as you please." It is up to the ladies to reflect this pose. Then what? Who wants to be enthusiastic when alone? Too many available padded cells in the country.

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